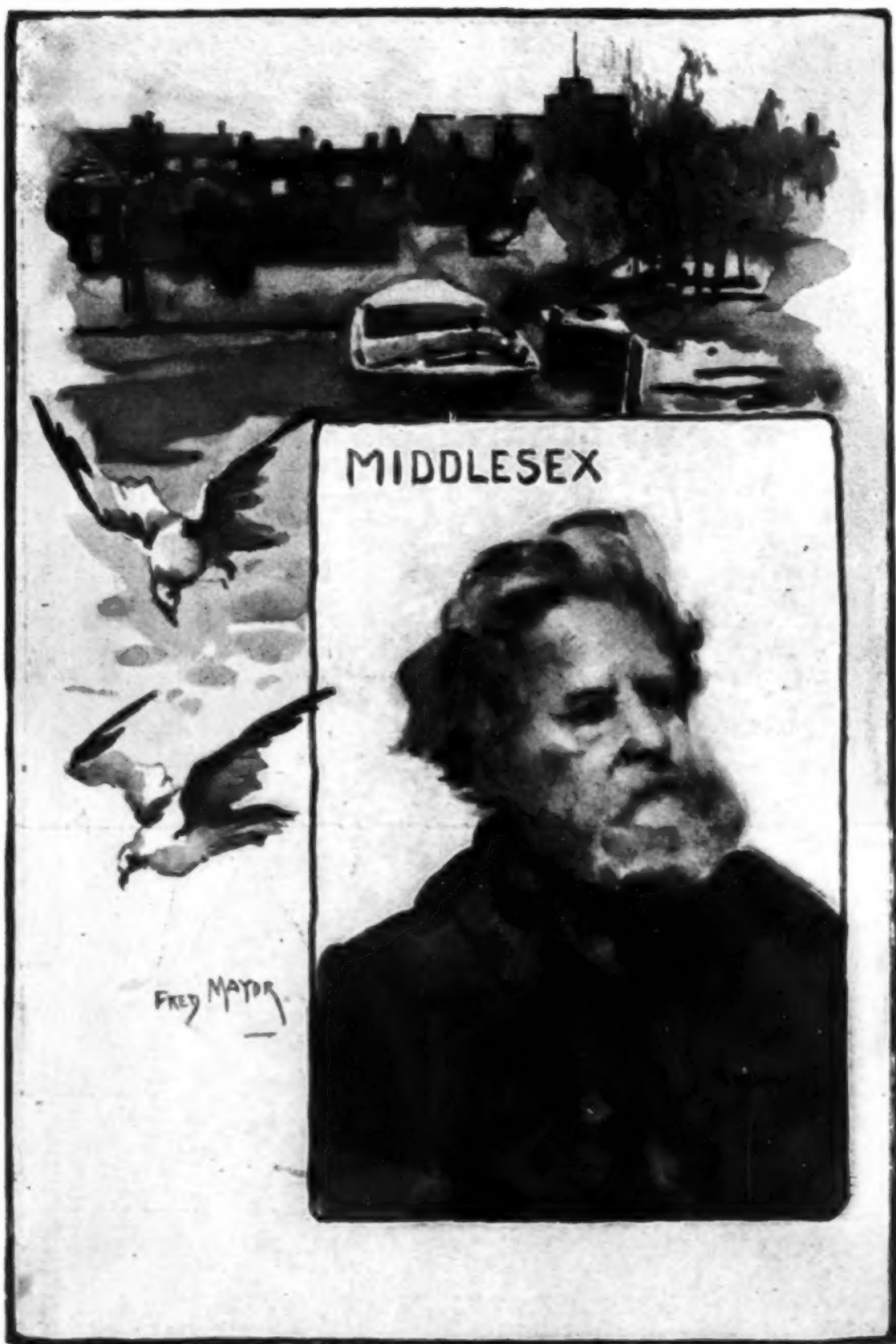




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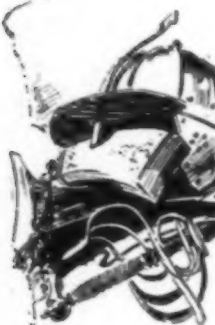




THE HOME COUNTIES.—III. MIDDLESEX

DRAWN BY FRED MAYOR

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.



Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connection with the PENRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of the surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. . . Written by Himself and now newly set forth

By **L. Cope Cornford.**

ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

SUMMARY.



Anthony Langford, being compelled to flee his home near Salisbury by the machinations of one, Manning, an unsuccessful rival in love, joins Captain Jacobus, a Royalist conspirator, who has warned him. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, lies a prisoner in London for stealing the mails. The two companions set out to rescue him. In Winchester they come on Cromwell, and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. At Farnham they fall in at their inn with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's

sake. The next day they ride on to Guildford, rescuing the two ladies, who have preceded them, from the hands of a highwayman. They sleep that night at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. Nick Armorer lies in Newgate, and is to die at once. Jacobus, however, manages to drug the Bellman of St. Sepulchre's—an official who goes beneath the condemned cell on the last night of a prisoner's life and warns him to repent—personates him, and so hands to Armorer the means of making his escape. Notwithstanding the subsequent treachery of their entertainers these plans come to a successful issue. It is now necessary that someone shall take mails to the King, and Anthony Langford crosses to Flushing. He is there instructed to return and meet Jacobus at Lyme Regis, and go with him to Salisbury. He meets him, and they ride to Salisbury, now in the hands of the Royalists. But it is recaptured, and the Royalists mostly imprisoned. Barbara, Langford's sweetheart, proposes that they shall emigrate to Virginia and buy an estate. The Royalists captured at Salisbury are sentenced to death at Exeter. Jacobus and Langford kill a treacherous witness against them, and escape from the city.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INEVITABLE.

TWAS on a Friday that Jacobus and I quitted Exeter, and by Monday evening at sunset we were riding into Over Wallop village, having travelled by way of Winchester, where, borrowing monies from Jacobus, I had

gotten me wedding attire and the ring—which the Captain, with his customary gratuitous effrontery, insisted on purchasing from Mr. Jedediah Dickerson.

The village lay among meadows and groves, in a fair and rich country: the rooks were leisurely sailing and cawing above the trees: the bells were chiming to evensong: the bright air enfolded the place like a dream: and after the grief and the turmoil 'twas like the entrance into a charmed land. Dismounting at the Rose Garland, we exchanged buff coat and boots for doublet and buckled shoon: and, our host informing us that 'twas a Saints' Day, and that as his reverence the Dean would be reading prayers even now, doubtless his household would be at the church, we set off thither. The community had lately risen, it seemed, upon Cromwell's Independent, and kicked him forth to hammer his spiritual pots elsewhere, so that the Dean once more enjoyed his living. The weather-stained, tiny church, with lichen roof and square tower night-capped with red tiles, stood upon a knoll, secluded among trees: a clump of yews on either side the path, rooted among the bones that lay beneath the crowded, bricky tombs, interlaced their branches and made a dusky vestibule to the little porch, so low that we must doff our hats and stoop.

We entered and sat down near the door. Barbara, with Mrs. Mariabellah Curle and Mrs. Beatrix, kneeled at the bench fronting the chancel: an upright little white-haired clergyman, in surplice and scarlet hood, was reading evening prayers: there was no one else in the building. As we crossed the threshold, Barbara turned her head and looked at me a moment across the golden dimness that filled the place: and a fancy came into my head that her swift glance was the division, thin and trenchant as a sword, set between the old life and the new. The parson's voice ran musically in my ears, and I fell into a muse, Jacobus, to whom the forms of devotion represented an etiquette due to Church and King, to be strictly performed upon occasion, kneeling devoutly resolute beside me.

I beheld, with a sort of pitying contempt, the long, stupid, happy, ignorant years of the youth who, wrapt in sweet illusions, walked gaily up and down a pleasaunce, dreaming that its pleached

hedges circumscribed the world: until within the past month, when fate, forcing a sword into his hand, had flung him neck and heels into the world's actual, calamitous battlefield, where death winds always in and out, and the crying of the wounded mingles with call of tuchet and roll of drum: to reckon, for the first time, the price ambition pays: and to count himself singularly fortunate if he might no more than guard his honour unchipped throughout the mellay. The future stretched before me in the image of the uncharted sea upon which we were about to set sail, that broke so immeasurably far away upon the shores of a perilous wilderness, whither I was bound with one beside whose welfare I weighed my own as a grain of dust: for a single freezing moment I contemplated the whole possibilities of that appalling enterprise: then took hold upon it with what hope and resolution I could muster: and the benediction brought my meditations to a fit conclusion.

Our greetings over, we all went to sup at the Vicarage, where we found Mr. Phelps, rosy, jolly, and bursting with good humour. We made the oddest party: the three prettiest ladies, I vow and swear, to bless God for in all broad England, a Dean, a Highwayman, a Mayor, and an outlawed Cavalier: nevertheless, 'twas the pleasantest and the most festivoous meeting in the world. The Dean and his ladies made us mighty good cheer, we exchanged the tale of our adventures, and the long evening went by like a peal of bells. When we were about to take our leave, Jacobus produced two small leathern caskets from his doublet, and holding them in his hand, delivered himself of the following romantical statement:—

"My excellent friend and comrade, Mr. Anthony Langford, hath of purpose omitted one particular in his relation of the conversation he was privileged to hold with His Most Sacred Majesty the King," began Jacobus, with such an air that the ancient, tapestried room became at once transformed as it were into a Royal ante-chamber, while we ourselves felt that we were actors in a State ceremonial. The ladies rose and curtsied, the very reverend the Dean and his worship the Mayor stood up. I looked at the orator in some astonishment, for I had omitted nothing in my recital—nothing, that is, that was meet for ladies' ear—but catch-

ing the slightest contraction of his eyelid, I composed my face to an intelligent gravity. "Our Royal master," went on Jacobus, with solemn relish, "hath never forgot the slightest service rendered to him by the least among his subjects: yet hath he a spirit so rare and kindly,

their extremity with the gift of a horse—a service that might (although it did not), that might, I swear, have gained a kingdom—the King, I say, charged Mr. Langford with the following message: 'Tell Captain Jacobus,' saith His Majesty, 'to seek out these ladies, and



"WE SET OFF TO THE CHURCH"

and withal of such subtle discrimination, that oft he alloweth a loyal deed to go unrecompensed, thus bestowing upon the doer the high privilege of serving him with a zeal unalloyed by mercenary considerations. Thus, when Mr. Langford had the honour to recount to His Majesty the generosity of Mrs. Mariabellah Curle and Mrs. Beatrix Young in coming to the relief of his messengers in

to say to them that their sovereign in exile lieth under an infinite obligation to them: that 'tis his saddest misfortune to behold his loving subjects' devotion unrequited: and his chiefest consolation, that they are proud and fain to serve him for nought. Request the Captain, also,' so went the message, 'request the Captain to convey to Mrs. Mariabellah Curle and to Mrs. Beatrix Young these

trinkets'—Jacobus opened the cases, and took from each a jewelled bracelet—"and to inform them that the King craves their acceptance of these trifles, as a token that, at least, His Majesty is not all ungrateful," and Jacobus clasped a bracelet on each white wrist.

The ladies flushed and exclaimed with pleasure, and kissed the Captain heartily on both cheeks: which, indeed, he deserved, for 'twas a neat device for providing the bridesmaids' presents in a manner most pleasing to them! a matter which had exercised me sorely, for in my miserable destitution I could afford none. Certainly the Captain enjoyed exceptional opportunities: for when the girls handed me the trinkets to admire, I discerned the maker's name graven inside, "J. Dickerson, Winchester."

"Madame," went on the Captain, turning to Barbara with a profound bow, "'tis not the usage for a wedding-guest to come empty-handed to the marriage: I crave your pardon for so doing; but the gift I had the honour to design for you is something cumbrous, so that for convenience sake I did despatch it to the care of Mr. Phelps's agent in Southampton."

Whereupon Barbara kissed Jacobus also: and soon after he and I repaired to our inn. When we came to open the heavy iron chest on shipboard, we found it stuffed full of silver-gilt and silver plate, a gift fit for a Princess, all marked "T. Dickerson, Winchester": whence I concluded that 'twas Mul-Sack's booty, which the Captain had somehow discovered and confiscated. 'Twas a sweet revenge upon me, although at first I marvelled that a King's officer should utilise his privileges for private benefactions: but presently concluded that the Captain had set it down as no more than a just remuneration for my services. For long I scrupled to tell my wife the history of her wedding-present: and when I did so, she thought it an excellent jest, which (I remember) surprised me at the time.

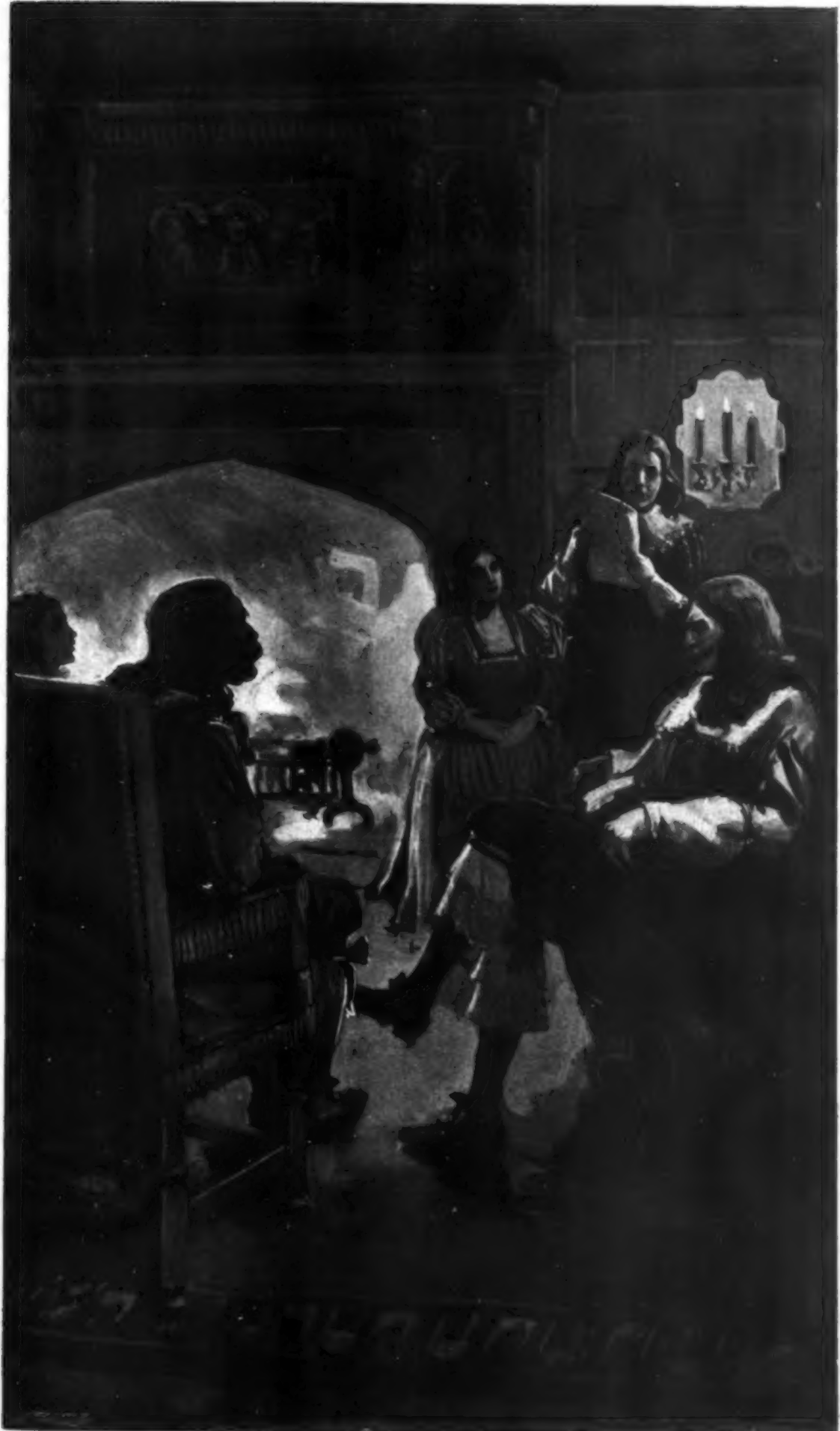
During the evening Mr. Phelps handed me a letter, superscribed to myself, which, he said, had come with his own mails from Flanders. As it elucidated more than one mysterious matter, I read the epistle aloud, and here subjoin it.

"Cologne.

"Eleventh April, 1655.

"At the Sign of a Peacock in a Circle.

"SIR,—This is to inform you, at the King's desire, as I knew your address (tho' I would willingly have written of my own intention) of certain singular disclosures which have lately come to light at the Court of our Royal Master, here in Cologne, in case a knowledge of the particulars thereof may stead you towards the regaining of your Estate, that was so treacherously lost, of which you did tell me when we had the happiness to converse together on shipboard. Your false friend, Mr. Manning, of whom you spoke, whom all here set down as no more than a pragmatistical empty busy-body, hath been, it now appears, playing the common spy since the day of his arrival. He came hither at first with a letter of introduction from Dr. Earles, his uncle, and prating much of his friendship with my Lord of Pembroke: endeavouring to insinuate himself to become the King's privado by every day taking him the 'Diurnal' to read, which he regularly received from London: and in this he so far succeeded that His Majesty, from regarding him simply as his 'Paper-boy' (as he said) presently allowed Mr. Manning to mix himself in the unhappy Penruddock business. Upon hearing of the latter's sad conclusion, the King returned immediately to Cologne: and a day or two later, Manning, who had been absent no one knew where, also returned thither. But in the meantime, the King had received a letter from the Earl of Pembroke, in answer to one of his, saying that Manning was a loose person of no reputation, whom he had discharged from his service. Whereupon his Majesty's suspicions were awakened: and hearing, moreover, that Manning received letters continually from Antwerp, and had letters of credit upon a merchant there, he despatched a trusty messenger to intercept his mails. Thus, no sooner had Manning returned with his accustomed confidence, than this man came to the King bringing the mails of three posts: which being opened, were found to contain letters and instructions from Cromwell and Thurloe to Manning, and fabulous disclosures of imaginary plots from Manning to the Government, with requests for more money.



"THE PLEASANTEST MEETING IN THE WORLD"

For a thousand crowns Manning offered to put them in possession at last of the whole of the particulars of what he was pleased to call the Plymouth Plot, of which, said he, he spoke when he was last in London: which we found in the later of the three mails. 'Twas a sweet design for the surprise and taking of Plymouth: a vessel with 500 men was to come to certain creek, and upon sign given, such a place in the town should be seized upon by some, whilst others should possess both fort and island. At the same time were to arrive—and I am come at last to what concerns you, dear sir—gentlemen at the head of land forces of volunteers, Sir Hugh Pollard from Devonshire, Colonel Arundel and others from Cornwall, and Mr. Anthony Langford from Wiltshire—of which dangerous and subtle malignant I did warn your Excellency at our last meeting.' This ingenious rascal Manning, who I profess is a most accomplished scribbler, did even describe the Council held by the King when this famous plot was resolved upon, touching smartly upon his Majesty's gestures and behaviour. Upon this the King did send two of his servants to seize upon the caballer's person and papers; who took him in *flagrante delicto* in his chamber writing post-dated letters, with his cypher before him, and put him in ward, where he now is. He loudly declares his innocence, saying that he saw no harm in writing particular relations of what never happened: that in fact, he was doing the King a service, in that he turned the attention of the Government from the true course of events.

"I hope the discovery of this man's double falsity may chance to avail you with the Brewer: and if it should fall out so, I am heartily glad to have been of service to you: but I fear me that Noll is little likely to relinquish what he hath once clawed hold of.

"For myself and my wife, who desireth to be heartily remembered to you, we are certainly dwelling amongst persons of sense and quality, and should, I do suppose, count ourselves happy: yet life is at present one long duello: for these Gentlemen of the Court, from my Lord of Rochester—I dare not say the K—g—to the vile Cheffinch, all cherish the same singular delusion that

a man's wife is everyone's property but his own,

"I am, sir,

"Your most obedient and willing friend to serve you,

"RICHARD HUMPHREYVILLE.

"To Anthony Langford, Esq."

But the "singular disclosures" came too late to be of service: for after the Penruddock affair, Cromwell would use scant courtesy to Cavaliers for some time to come.

The next morning we were married. 'Twas a day of sunshine and chiming bells and emotion, of flowers and farewells. Jacobus was to ride with us to Southampton: and so soon as the service was over, we three took horse at the churchyard gate. All the village was gathered together in holiday attire: and looking back, we saw the bright, motley crowd waving their hats, and listened to the noise of cheering that mingled with the gay clamour of the bells. In the shadow of the lych-gate stood the Dean in his robes, and the sturdy, gray-bearded figure of the Mayor, gazing after us: and the two ladies' fluttering kerchiefs.

Three hours or so of riding brought us out upon the downs above Southampton town, with its thicket of ships' masts fringing the edge of the broad sparkling water. Jacobus reined up, and dismounting, went up to Barbara, hat in hand, with a bow.

"Farewell, Mrs. Langford," said he: and I think the new sound of the title gratified both wife and husband. "I wish you all prosperity." He would have kissed her hand, but she gave him the cheek.

"Come down and sup with us, man," said I, "or a least crush a bottle before we part."

"Not I," returned the Captain, mounting his nag. "I have business toward. The freebooter bids you adieu, my son."

"Jacobus," I said, "you have done me very much kindness. Tell me, why did you so? Are my manners and conversation so engaging? I should like to think it."

"Do not flatter yourself," he answered. "y'have only to remember that I am an old friend of your family, as it were. I

knew your mother ere she was married." His glance left mine, rested upon Barbara for the fraction of a second, and came back again. I looked aside, for 'twas like spying on a man's secret unawares.

Jacobus held out his hand : I grasped it, and we parted in silence, for I could not think upon the words I wanted. So my wife and I rode forward ; and when I looked back, Jacobus was gone.

THE END.

LINES.

BEAUTIFUL, oh ! beautiful ;
 She filled our eyes with love,
 She taught our lips a sweeter song
 Than ever poet wove.

She brought us lays of western lands,
 And music from the sea,
 That tuned our hearts, like magic harps,
 To fæery minstrelsy.

She came before our manhood's Spring
 Had shaken into leaf ;
 She left us when the gathering years
 Were yet too young for grief.

WILLIAM MUDFORD.



EARLY MORNING

Lowest London.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

PEOPLE are accustomed to use the phrase "East-End" as an adjective signifying all that is basest and most degraded. As a matter of fact, however, the worst slums you can find in London stand at the back of a fine broad thoroughfare, and within a few yards of London Bridge. On a horribly close day, when the *Ludgate's* Commissioner went forth to make investigation into some of the courts in question, the fruiterers' shops in the Borough High Street were fragrant with strawberries and the commoner kind of flowers. A few yards away the narrow courts reeked of rotten cabbage-leaves and decaying filth of all kinds. Men, women, and children lay about on the dirty flags, and their aspect was in absolute harmony with their surroundings.

Their faces were unwashed, haggard, and vile. The women often bore the marks of violence; the little children looked unutterably and wickedly old. Sometimes you came upon a doorway which had no one sitting or standing before it, and the room inside was always sordid to the last degree. One of our photographs shows an apartment of this kind, with a family group assembled. It is a picture that would excite the envy

of most of the dwellers in this inferno, for it is distinctly above the average in the possibilities of comfort and decency it affords.

Another of our pictures shows you one of these courts. Here again you can scarcely fail to form a better opinion of the place than it deserves, for you miss its abominable odour. It is interesting as the scene of the murder of an old man, attacked in the belief that he had money and garrotted. The police failed to substantiate the capital charge, but the men who did the work are now undergoing twenty years' imprisonment.

You can hardly open your newspaper on any morning from year's end to year's end without coming on some case of robbery or assault in which the prisoner's address is in one of these allies. Here is a typical instance:

"At Southwark Police Court, Kate Washington, 21, a brawny virago, described as a flower-seller, was charged with robbing James Smith of 15s. 9d. and a light overcoat. Prosecutor stated that he was an engineer, residing at Camberwell. He was in the Borough on the previous evening, and, being a stranger to the neighbourhood, he inquired of prisoner the way to the Old Kent Road. She undertook to show him the way-

but, instead of doing so, she took him into Redcross Court, and pushed him inside the passage of a house. Somebody knocked him down, and prisoner and three or four other women robbed him."

Indeed, the life of the whole district seems to lie betwixt Southwark Police-Court and one or other public-houses of the neighbourhood. Men and women loaf and lounge the day out in their hovels, and come forth at night to seek their prey. They are utterly careless of the means by which they get their wretched living, and so the early morning finds them, frequently enough, in the custody of the police. In the morning news of the event reaches their friends, who are early assembled at the nearest public-house to await the opening of the Court. Presently they move across and wait in the narrow passages, reeking of disinfectants, which lead to the Court.

Hard by the entrance, over a small shop, is the establishment of a solicitor, and perhaps the consultation at the public-house has for its object the raising of the means to secure his services in behalf of the man who is in trouble. The result of the appearance before the magistrate being known—and, of course, it is usually a conviction—the public-house affords

the only consolation open to the friends of the prisoner. His pals, if he be a man, discuss his many virtues and admire his insolence to magistrate and witnesses—an indulgence that costs him an extra month, it may be; his wife, sweetheart, or mother mourns profusely, but deems it only decent to accept as



A COURT

many drinks as may be offered her by the sympathetic onlooker.

Perhaps the unutterable degradation of life in this district is best shown in the following literal transcript of a con-

few minutes the interview had been arranged for, and of course it was held in the only place possible down there—the public-house. Polly was supplied with beer, and then her talk flowed



A FAMILY GROUP

versation. The *Ludgate's* Commissioner had been told to ask for a certain woman, and, not finding her at her home, was referred back to the entrance of the court, where he found her watching the traffic in Borough High Street and discussing things in general with half a dozen others of her kind. These slunk away with ugly looks when they saw that the stranger wished to speak with her, for strangers who have not evidently come by chance into these courts are looked on with the strongest sort of suspicion, and the woman had earned, rightly or wrongly, the name of a "copper's nark," or police spy. Here is the opening dialogue:

"Well, Poll, I should like a few words with you."

The woman drew her shawl closer, and looked uneasily down into the court. "Ga on! I don't want no truck with you. I suppose you are a split!" (policeman).

But this was only the opening. In a

freely. Indeed, she spoke so confidentially that the suspicions of her neighbours would have been deepened had they been able to overhear. Substantially her story is true. Even if it were demonstrably false in every detail, it would still be evidence sufficiently valid for the purposes of this article, for it shows what things are usual in the life they live down there.

"Straight," she said, as she settled herself comfortably (after the inevitable furtive glance around the room), "I thought you was a rosser."

As she spoke a terrible scar was visible, and suggested a question.

"How did I get it?" she said. "From my old man, of course. I shan't forgit it neither: it was the night that he was took. He was a bad un, mate, a downright bad un, but he was fond of me."

"Is he in prison?"

"Yes, and I don't think he will come out. Twenty years he got, and he's

have done four the twelfth of next September. I was in bed the night he was took, and he tore in like a madman and gashed my chin with a razor, saying he had just killed a man. He didn't mind swinging, he said, but no one else should have me; and he would have killed me for certain only I heard a knocking at the door, and it was burst open. The 'tects had come just in time, and he was took. He got twenty years. I don't think of him now from one day's end to the next."

As to her profession, she was brutally frank, and then she went on, "They calls me a nark where I lives, and if I am, wot of it? I might as well, since I've got the name for being one."

"Been in prison at all?"

She looked honestly surprised and tickled at the simplicity of the question. "Of course I have: lots of times, but, mind you, never more than a moon month). Mostly for drunks, but I was nearly snipped once for working the snide (base coin), and that would have been a stretch (five years), if I had been copped. It was only a bob, for it ain't the likes of people who has a bob or two that gets them palmed off on them, but poor folks like myself."

There was a good deal more of personal confession of this kind, and not a few recollections of more or less distinguished breakers of the law. Finally, the thing got more than one could stand, and the interviewer rose to go. It was in vain that he endeavoured to escape the unpleasant formality of a parting handshake. On this the woman insisted, and only when it was performed did she utter the "Good day, young man," which set him free to return to civilisation and a cool and most desirable bath that he knew to be awaiting him.

This, of course, was not the only visit paid to the region under description. The photographs with which this article is illustrated were all taken at night with the aid of a flash-light, and not a little trouble was expended in securing them. The photographer who took them, Mr. Fred Marsh, Henley-on-Thames, has no equal in work of this sort.

As to the group of local characters, it was taken despite the opposition of many and the hardly less inconvenient curiosity of others. "If it is for a paper," says one man, when the camera had been placed in position, "I will smash it up. What do you want to interfere with our business for? Can't you get your living and let other people alone?"

Some slunk out of the way, and one man shouted out that it was quite right: time someone did "show the game up." There ensued a vigorous row, in the midst of which the *Ludgate's* Commissioner and the photographer made their escape with the precious plate unbroken.



A HAPPY HOME

The impression they brought away with them was one of an abject misery it were hard to describe adequately. Children swarm in these reeking alleys, and if they are often stunted and diseased in body from the time of their



SETTLING A QUARREL



TYPES OF THE INHABITANTS

birth you can hardly refrain from believing that these outward things are but symbols of the maimed and diseased minds and souls within. Here, on the borders of a big and prosperous thoroughfare, traversed daily by thousands of respectable citizens, who go to and fro betwixt the City and their suburban homes, is a region no less in need of salvation than the darkest spots in all heathendom. The place is a present danger to London, and even if its hovels

were razed to the ground and decent homes built in their place, the influence of past neglect must continue to be felt for generations. For, to use the phrase of an old divine, children whose lives begin there are "not so much born into the world as damned into it." You must be very much of an optimist if you can cherish the faintest hope that they will ever be anything other than the sworn inveterate enemies of society.





ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS

A PIOUS ROGUE.

WE were talking in the Club one day about the Glasgow Bank directors, and others of that sort, who, with a great show of religion, have proved themselves fit candidates for gaol, when Smurthwaite said :

"I have always liked to study that type of character, which, with an apparent zeal for religion, exhibits a total absence of morals. I had a curious case once that gave me a good opportunity of studying the type. There was a man once—but I suppose you will expect me to tell you the whole story.

"In my early days I lived in the suburbs, in the neighbourhood of Clapham, a district traditionally noted for the aspect of religiosity which pervades it. I became intimate with the incumbent of a district church there, an extremely good man, but very unworldly. By pretty constant attendance at his church, I also became personally acquainted with most of the office bearers. One man struck me as displaying a far deeper and warmer interest in the welfare of the Sunday school and parish organisations than anyone else connected with the church. When I first knew him he was only a sidesman, but he duly filled the office of churchwarden, and so much liked was he, and so zealous

were his services for the good of the church, that year after year he was re-elected people's warden.

"I was constantly in the habit of meeting James Hayter at penny readings and other evening entertainments in which I was asked from time to time to take a part, and I must confess I was struck by his charming and frank demeanour. He was not a gentleman, but he was a man of considerable education. He was the manager, or one of the managers, of an emporium—I think it was called—a sort of stores in the West End of London, where he was in receipt of a handsome salary. His wife, a very nice woman, was also devoted to religious works, and was herself superintendent of the girl's Sunday school.

"I think Hayter had been churchwarden some four years, and had earned—as I thought he deserved to—the respect and confidence of his neighbours, when one morning, starting for business by his usual train, he did not arrive at the stores; nor has he, to my knowledge, ever been seen in England again, except by one or two persons, of whom I will tell you in due course. The day after his mysterious disappearance his wife, poor woman, came to see me in dreadful grief, and I set to work to unravel all the facts in connection with

him. And here I must stop, and go back a good many years in order to tell the history of Hayter's life, which I learned piecemeal, and afterwards put together in chronological order.

"Hayter was the son of a well-to-do grocer in the North of London. He had been educated in one of the many better-class schools in that district, and had become an assistant in his father's shop. Here he seems to have developed strong

degraded profession, but they had prospered in the world and had become "fences," or receivers of stolen goods. Their child, Esther Payne, had been brought up among thieves of every sort and kind, but particularly the class that form 'long firms.' When she was about sixteen, her father died a somewhat mysterious death, and people who were acquainted with the circumstances alleged that he had been poisoned.



"HIS WIFE CAME TO SEE ME."

religious views and to have taken a deep interest in the local church, to which his father belonged. When about nineteen or twenty, while still in his father's shop, he accidentally met the woman who was the cause of his subsequent disappearance. She was of a type quite new to me. She belonged distinctly to the lower middle class; had, at the time of which I speak, a very pretty face and figure, and extremely fascinating ways. She had been born a thief; her father and mother both belonged to the same

"The mother afterwards married one of her late husband's gang, a burly, Bill Sykes type of man, who, by his brutal treatment, quickly shattered a constitution already undermined by drink. Little Esther Payne became a tool in the hands of this brutal ruffian, and a very ingenious plan was hit upon by him and other members of the gang when the girl was about nineteen. I never could ascertain whether young Hayter was the first victim or not, but from the evidence I collected I am inclined to think he was

To cut a long story short, old Hayter's shop was carefully watched for some time, and young Hayter's movements noted. He was a bright, handsome lad, and an opportunity was seized, when he was out for a summer evening stroll after the shop was closed, for Esther Payne to throw herself in his way. Young Hayter was not long in succumbing to the temptation of talking and walking with a pretty young woman; the first interview led to others, and Miss Esther Payne made herself so extremely agreeable that in a very few weeks young Hayter was over head and ears in love with the pretty sempstress, as the girl described herself. In a month or so the sempstress stated she was in sore straits for money, and appealed to young Hayter for assistance. When he pointed out that he was only a shopman, the wily temptress delicately hinted that there were possibilities of managing the till, and before long old Hayter's weekly takings began to show a falling off. All the time, it may be mentioned, young Hayter was attending to his religious and parish duties as chorister and teacher in the Sunday school with the utmost zeal and regularity. It need hardly be said that he had concealed from his parents his acquaintance with Miss Esther Payne.

"One night, Miss Payne invited young Hayter to an evening party given by some friends of hers. Here the younger, more sprightly, and better educated members of the long-firm gang were introduced to Hayter under their different aliases, and after the preliminaries of introduction had been gone through, no secret was made of the fact that all the party lived 'on the crook' as it was called. Young Hayter at once saw the trap into which he had been led, but instead of confessing to his father that he had stolen money from his till and breaking his connection with the gang, he seems to have felt it too late to retreat, and before long he was as deeply concerned as themselves in the nefarious practices of his new friends.

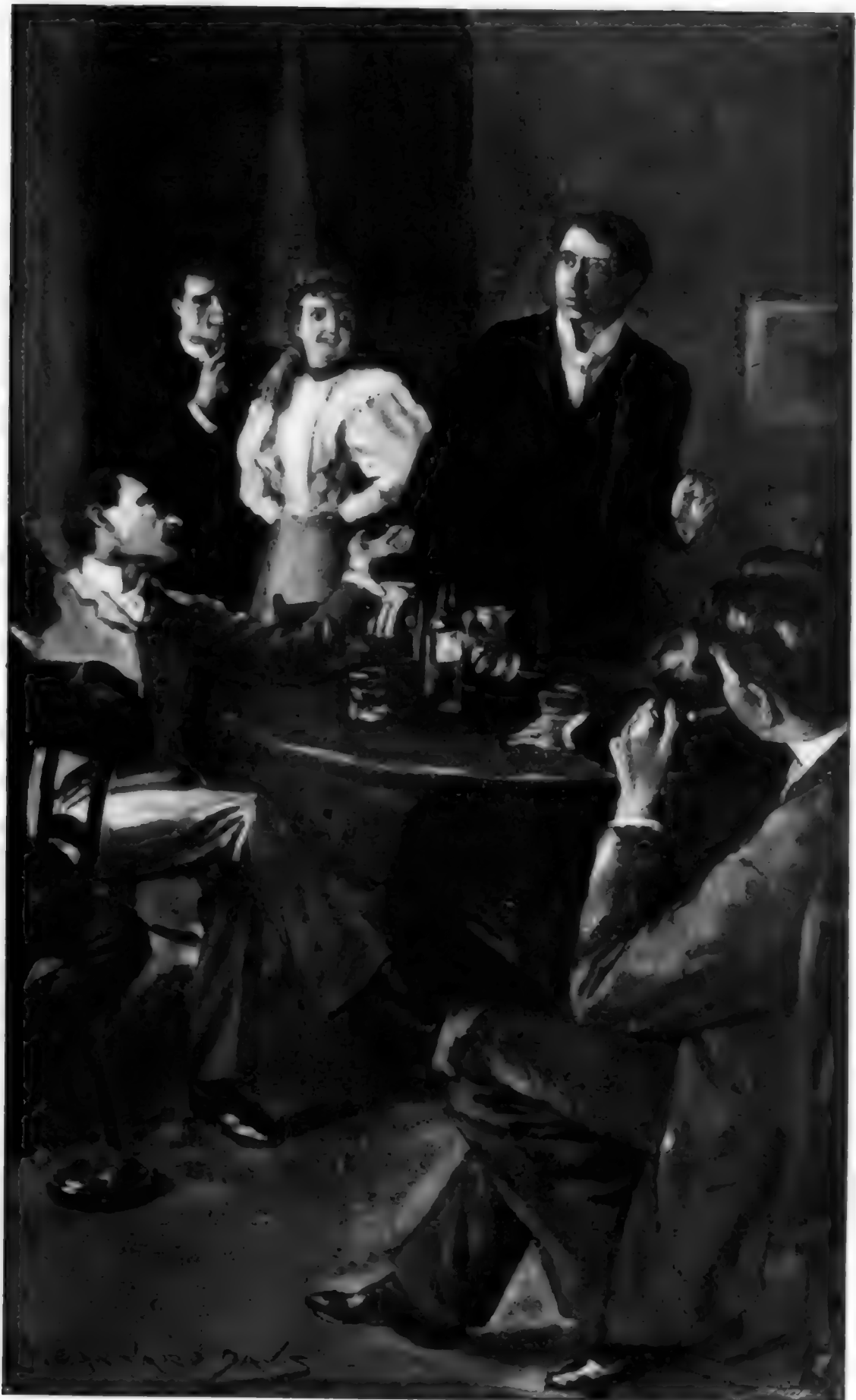
"He made some excuse to his father for leaving his home and his employment, and with the assistance of Esther Payne, whom he was supposed to have married, he set up a general dealer's shop in the south of London. Here his extraordinary mania—that is the only word to call it—for the due observance

of Sunday asserted itself, and he was ere long a sidesman in a local church in Newington Butts, while the week was spent in disposing of the stolen goods of which he was receiver.

"Some year or so after this new departure, Hayter's connection with one or two daring long-firm frauds, the perpetrators of which were brought to trial and duly sentenced, was very nearly discovered. Owing to this, or it may have been from higher and better motives—it is difficult to say—one day Hayter disappeared altogether from the neighbourhood of Newington Butts, and the utmost efforts of Esther Payne and his other accomplices failed to trace him. As a matter of fact, he went to Leicester, and there, with his father's assistance, he obtained a situation in a large grocery establishment. Here once again we find him a zealous church worker, taking the deepest interest in the moral and spiritual welfare of the youth of the neighbourhood. However, in two or three years temptation again assailed him. It was the habit of many of the customers of the grocery establishment to keep a deposit account. These depositors were mostly of the poorer class, and it so happened that two or three of them died, leaving fairly large sums on deposit unknown to their relatives. One of young Hayter's peculiarities was that he was ambidextrous and could write as well with his left hand as with his right. Having learned this fact, and finding that no one applied for the money deposited, Hayter succumbed to temptation, and, presenting the books with the signatures forged with his left hand, obtained the money.

"The following year young Hayter appears to have fallen genuinely in love with one of the teachers in the Sunday school, and after a year of courtship he married her. From that time he seems to have kept perfectly straight for some years. He then moved with his wife and one child to Nottingham, where he occupied the position of manager of a large grocery store, coming with the highest testimonials from Leicester. No diminution was observed in his attention to religious matters, and not a night passed but family prayers were conducted by him with every aspect of fervour.

"He had been here only two or three years when, to his horror and dismay, Esther Payne, a little older, a little harder, but with the old jaunty air,



"ALL THE PARTY LIVED 'ON THE CROOK'"

walked into the shop. He had been traced! Hayter was now powerless. Keeping up the same air of respectability and religion, he found himself forced, in spite of his better feelings, to become the tool of the gang of long-firm thieves with whom he thought his connection had been for ever broken. The old system was shortly afterwards begun, whereby Hayter, retaining his position as manager of the grocery store, opened a small shop of his own in Trent, where he had gone to live, and where his wife, all unwittingly, sold the stolen goods of which he was the receiver. These included hardware, ironmongery, dress materials, groceries, and indeed every imaginable kind of article. For some time this business was carried on without any suspicion attaching to it; but presently it came to the knowledge of Hayter's employers that he had a business of his own while in their employ, and he was accordingly dismissed.

"He thereupon came to London, and, with that good fortune which had never failed him in obtaining situations, he succeeded in getting a post of considerable importance as manager of the stores which I first mentioned, in the West End of London. Here, unfortunately, his accomplices followed him, and they had so far overcome his scruples and fears of discovery that after he had been settled in Clapham for some time, and again become an earnest church worker, he began a system of forged orders in the name of his employers, directing the goods to be sent to a shop he had opened in the East End of London. Esther Payne, who, quite unknown to his wife, had ever since the Nottingham and Trent days kept up her connection with him, and really seems to have been

very fond of him, managed the East End shop, and twice a week, on the pretence of attending some religious revival meeting, Hayter used to go down there and return home to Clapham late at night.

"A few days before his disappearance the proprietors of the emporium had become acquainted with the fact that goods had been obtained in their name



"FORGED WITH HIS LEFT HAND"

by forged orders, and suspicion was directed, after enquiry, to Hayter. For nearly a week detectives had been engaged in tracing the stolen goods and the methods by which they had been obtained. This had come to Esther Payne's ears, and it was to her that Hayter owed his escape from justice. On the night before his disappearance she told him that the police were on his track. He seems to have kept his head, for he went home as usual that night, and next morning started for town by his usual train. He saw on the platform two men whose appearance was quite strange to him, and, judging rightly that they were detectives, he got out at Wandsworth Road and doubled back. The detectives, imagining that he would naturally go on to Victoria, never

looked for him at the intermediate stations. He arrived home again about ten o'clock, knowing that his wife would be out and his child at school. Calling the servant, he asked her to give him all the money she had in her possession. She gave him a sovereign and a few pence. Threatening her life

the ports were watched, but somehow he escaped the vigilance of the police. Starting from Southampton he went first to Portugal and thence to Bolivia, where, for aught I know, he is at the present moment, as religious as ever."

"And how," said I, "did you ascertain all these facts?"

"It ought to be sufficient for you that what I have told you is the truth, but as you insist on knowing, let me say that the greater part of it I learned from the correspondence which I have now lying in my chambers. Mrs. Hayter came to me some six months after her husband's disappearance and showed me three or four long letters which she had had from him,

filled half with quotations from Scripture and wailings over the loss of opportunities of religious exercises, and half with a history of his life. I am bound to say that at first I did not believe a word of them, but with Mrs. Hayter's consent I took the correspondence to Scotland Yard, and by its aid the greater number of the long-firm gang were brought to trial and sentenced.

The only one who

escaped, and this I must confess I was not sorry for, was Esther Payne; and it is my private belief, though I never told Mrs. Hayter so, that she followed Hayter and is with him now.

"Every word that I have told is the absolute truth, and the story is an exhibition of one of the most curious and contradictory aspects of man's moral nature."



"THREATENING HER LIFE"

if she ever ventured to state that she had seen him, he ran up to his room and shaved off his moustache and beard, changed his clothes and left the house hurriedly with a small portmanteau. He was afterwards traced to Leicester, and had only left his friends' house two minutes when the detectives arrived and found him gone. For three weeks the whole of England was searched and all

The Stage as a Profession.

BY STANHOPE SPRIGG.

PROBABLY there is no question on which so much confusion exists as the best method of adopting the stage as a profession. One authority will tell you that the royal road to success is to join an amateur company, and to play with them as frequently as possible until an opening presents itself in the professional ranks. Another expert will say: "Avoid association with amateurs as you would the plague or pestilence," and advise you to put yourself under the training of some well-known elocutionist, since the great want of the present-time theatre is the actor who can speak so as to be understood. A third authority may tell you something altogether different, such as this—that you had better put yourself in the hands of a good theatrical agent, paying him most handsome fees; or that the plain and simple path of theatrical distinction is a close course of training in the provinces (oh the poor long-suffering provinces!), and that you must get yourself forthwith enrolled in some company that goes on tour. In our extremity we have collected some of the views of our principal London managers, so that men who desire to become actors may know what are the grounds of common agreement amongst competent authorities as to the best way to begin.

Sir Augustus Harris kindly wrote a few days before the untimely death that we are all lamenting:—"The best and perhaps the only training for a young actor (that is, an actor who has ability for the calling) is hard work. Unfortunately, a great majority of those desiring to 'go on the stage' have no ability for the profession, though, doubtless, possessing embryonic genius for some other pursuit. Again, the fact of being on the stage is, even to a competent artist, but the first step up the ladder. If he should desire to perfect himself in his art (and this, I presume, is the gist of your question), his training

should be extensive and arduous. He should learn to speak distinctly and with point, should study deportment, know something of music, fencing, dancing, observe how people behave in various grades of Society, study character from a coster to a Cabinet Minister, be acquainted with the best dramatic works—from Shakespeare up to Sims—be conversant with the methods of the best exponents of his art, and, if possible, have just a little genius. Then, and not till then, will he have completed his training, and as it stands to reason he cannot study all day and act all night, the best thing for him to do when once he has got on the boards is to leave them in order to learn his business."

Mr. George Alexander urges:—"The best method of training for actresses and actors must undoubtedly be one which is eminently *practical*—i.e. affording constant practice before *paying* audiences. No other is of any permanent avail. A varied experience in a sound repertoire company is at present the best means of dramatic development, as thereby the young artist is constantly presenting characters of all ages and quality before a recognised public. The ideal would be found in a system of repertoire theatres; and further—and most important—let the artists learn what they may of any and every other art, as there is no art existing which is not of some mediate or immediate use to the actor."

Mr. Arthur Bouchier says:—"My humble advice to any young people who wish to go on the stage, and have had no sort of experience whatever, is to enlist, for a season at least, under Miss Sarah Thorne's banner; in fact, I should always give preference to a pupil of hers. I am not averse to a wide amateur experience. Surely a good motto for any young actor or actress would be: "*Act how you can, when you can, and always the best you can.*"

So much for the manager's standpoint.



Augustus Hauser

Now for the actor's point of view. Mr. Acton Bond, one of the cleverest and most promising of all our West End actors, urges:—"If my experience, gained in a somewhat short but busy career, can be of any use on this subject I gladly comply with your request. Every candidate for the stage should be subjected to a preliminary examination before he is allowed to commence either a course of training or playing small parts. The examination need not be very severe, but should be at least stiff enough to discover whether the aspirant has the necessary qualifications. This test of aptitude would keep out the absolutely incompetent. I have particularly noticed, on the occasions when I've been judging, that had some kind of election been enforced, at least one-third of the competitors would not have been there to be judged, which would mean saving the rejected ones much worry and disappointment, and, most important of all, the public a great

deal of annoyance and discomfort. When a candidate has been found eligible, then should commence a course of coaching in modern and legitimate parts

—fencing if possible, and certainly continuous instruction and practice of voice production. The voice should be trained for speaking, so that it becomes like an organ capable of being played on at will. Several well-known companies, such as Osmond Tearle's, F. R. Benson's, Ben Greet's, Charles Compton's—names that come readily to my mind—are splendid schools for young actors; but even if a beginner has the good fortune to get with one of these well-known gentlemen,

a preliminary training would be an enormous advantage, and should be really compulsory. A very important point of the whole question is, not to open the door to any one who shows no kind of talent for the stage. Managers have it in their power of combination to effect this desirable result."



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER
From a photograph by Gunn and Stuart



Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.

By ARABELLA KENEALY.

THE VILLA OF SIMPKINS.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.



HERE is an atmosphere about houses. They who live and joy and grieve in them invest them with a kind of aura. So some houses come to wear a face of gloom, of gaiety, of tragedy or terror. This circumstance, to me so manifest, escapes the notice of most persons.

One can see that tiles are broken on the roof; another that the window curtains are in need of washing; another that the masonry demands re-pointing or the woodwork re-painting; while a fourth condemns the sanitary arrangements. But the more intrinsic fact, the fact of desolation or disaster, that to my mind is most obvious, they miss; and even when perceived they refer to some detail of dilapidation or poverty. That my instinct is infallible I do not claim. On the contrary, it has more than once deceived me; but in cases where it has been rooted and tenacious, even though proofs have not substantiated it, I am satisfied my conviction of mystery or calamity has had its origin in fact; that the sense I have of violence and murder in the midst of a smiling family is an echo, a shadow, a stain on the fabric of life left by some former catastrophe. Sometimes I have been able to justify it by raking up the ashes of the past. Sometimes—and this is singular—the tragedy has happened long after I have sensed it. Of this what follows is an example.

Sauntering one day down a road in a suburban town, whither I had gone in search of adventure, I came upon a house a-building. It was a villa residence much after the style of other villa residences in the neighbourhood, a sixteen or eighteen-roomed house divided from

its fellows by an acre of geometrically laid-out garden wherein it stood with a pretentious and pharisaical air of being some Englishman's castle. The structure was completed, and men were painting the wood-work, gravelling the walks and putting in the other finishing touches which would for a year or two make its ostentatious freshness a reproach to its less lately smartened neighbours. There was nothing to stir one's interest. It was only another of the housings of opulent vulgarity with which the place abounded—housings that smacked of the shop and suggested sleek over-fed occupants, in whom wine and good living had produced a kind of mental adiposity to act as buffer between their natures and the higher issues of life, as the flesh of physical plethora obliterated the lines divine of their persons. I passed on unconcerned. At the further entrance to the drive a man was standing, overlooking the hinging of a gate. I took him to be owner or builder.

The man's face struck me. I stopped short. He glanced up, scowling as though he would have despatched me about my business. Now I was interested. I had seldom seen a face of so much malignity. It struck me that I would not care to occupy a house planned by a fellow so evil. A shock of rough red hair and beard overgrew his face. His nose, slightly awry, was long and flattened at the nostrils with both cruelty and sensuality. His lips were thick and protrusive. The hand and wrist extended, directing the men, were shaggy with a coarse red thatch. One eye had a sinister droop. No: I should not care to tenant a house of his building.

"Do you want anything?" he demanded roughly after a minute. He was well-dressed and apparently a person of some standing.

I returned his savage glance with a cool stare

"I want nothing," I said curtly.

He had more than a mind to inquire why then (with qualifications) I filled up the path. But he thought better of it. There is no law to prohibit a man from staring, and my manner proclaimed my determination to stare just so long as it pleased me.

"Hang you, you'll scrape the paint!" he shouted, as one of the workmen stumbled and jammed against the post the gate he was lifting.

The man grumbled something to the effect that the job was too much for two.

"Then go and be hanged to you," the builder rasped.

"Get your wage in the office and march!"

The man mumbled sullenly again, "I'm sick o' being swore at from mornin' to night."

"Easy mate," his comrade counselled. "Now then, stretch yer limbs and in she goes."

With an effort they hoisted the gate and lowered it, dropping the bolts into the sockets with a rush.

"Hang you!" the builder shouted again; "it wasn't your fault you didn't snap the hinges."

The labourers, panting, mopped their faces.

"You have a limited glossary, my friend," I interposed, addressing the red-haired bully. "Take the advice of an older man, and curb your tongue. That 'hang' of yours is not calculated to bring the best work out of men."

He swung his evil eye upon me like a lamp. Only the self-control of habit prevented him from striking me. All at once his manner changed. He scanned me closely; then he raised his hat.

"Pardon, my lord," he said, obsequiously. "I did not recognise you. Your lordship does not know me, perhaps. I have the honour to be your new agent at Rossmore."

"The deuce you have!" I answered. "From your credentials I should have supposed you a different man."

I resolved on the spot that never again, no matter how excellent his testimonials, would I engage a man without an interview.

"Your lordship misjudges me," he submitted plausibly. "I confess to being in bad humour. If you had much to do

with this class you would find there is but one way of dealing with it."

"It will not do at Rossmore," I said sharply. "My people are not used to the treatment of dogs."

"In dealing with your lordship's concerns I shall follow your lordship's wishes," he responded, adding, with a spasm of independence: "Here I am attending to my own affairs."

I liked him the better for his independence. I laughed and nodded him good-morning.

"Your temper is not pretty," I said, as I walked off. "Indeed, I was thinking I should not care to occupy a house built by a person so profane as yourself."

He made two steps after me. His face paled in its circle of red hair.

"Do you mean anything?" he submitted, hoarsely. There was an uneasy glitter in his eyes.

"Pooh!" I said. "I shall not cancel our agreement for a few 'hangs.'"

His eyes still probed my face. My words had plainly relieved him. Yet I had a curious sense of something underlying all that appeared.

"When your six months are up, my friend," I soliloquised. "I shall exchange you for a steward of more prepossessing looks."

* * *

A month later I strolled down the same road. I stopped short at the gates of Simpkins' house—the gates which had had so sulphurous a baptism. On one was painted the name Edenhome. It struck my sense of humour. Was it of Simpkins's giving? Lurked there beneath that red thatch of his a corner for sentiment? I decided otherwise. Simpkins and sentiment were not compatible. The name was merely a lure for letting purposes.

I ran my eye over the house's face. Was it the place? Surely not. This was no house of only some months standing. I walked up the road and came back to it. This was the place, assuredly. I stood staring at it. What in the name of amazement had come to it? Where was the freshness that was to put its neighbours to the blush? The place had an air of ruin, of a house unrepaired for half a century. It were as though a blight had fallen on it. The paint of the gates had dulled into a dirty drab, the hinge-end was discoloured by

a rust-stain, which, like a blood-stain, had trickled from the iron sockets. Someone had made it his business to scratch out the initial letter, so that the name stood on one gate "Denhome." The abridgement seemed to scowl. I opened the gate and went in. The same blight that had fallen on the house had fallen on the garden. The greater number of the shrubs had shrivelled and

tion. There was nothing to explain the impression I had had of ruin.

I started; for of a sudden at an upper window, from among a daintiness of pink blind, a sinister face showed out. It was gone as soon as seen. But I knew the evil eye; I knew the Iscariot hair and beard; I knew the malign glance. Irritation succeeded. What business had Simpkins here? His duty



"DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?"

died. The walks were set with brown ghosts. The grass of the lawn had fallen in patches, giving an uncanny piebald look. As I approached I perceived that blinds had been put to the windows—fresh gay-looking blinds of a pink pattern. They only served to accentuate the gloom. Apparently the house was about to be occupied. I wondered how anybody could have been induced to take it. Coming closer, I found I had been betrayed into a singular error, for the paint was fresh and unpeeled, the structure in excellent condi-

tion. I strode up the steps. The door stood ajar—I entered. Inside the house was as sombre as outside. Gloom and ill-omen possessed it like black-browed tenants. I mounted the stairs, my footsteps echoing hollowly and fleeing before me noisy and afraid, like sound running amuck in the empty upper spaces. Suddenly they seemed to turn, and came hustling back upon me—leaping, stumbling down the stairs as if in panic. A rumbling echo roared like distant thunder. For a moment I thought the

house was about my ears—its premature decay had culminated in the falling of the roof. Then there was silence, the echoes slipping into quietude.

I went straight on, making for the room in which I had seen him. My temper was up. I determined to give Mr. Simpkins a piece of my mind. At the top of the stairs I halted. Not a sound stirred. The landing was broad and well-lighted. Into it four doors opened. The construction was different from that I had expected. There was a broad blank passage wall where I had supposed the door of the front room—the principal bed-room—would be. It was a construction as singular as it was unsightly. It had been so obvious to place the door of that centre room in the centre of this wall.

Suddenly I felt faint. The passage was pervaded by a curious heavy odour, arising, I imagined, from the paint. My head throbbed.

I made for one of the rooms facing me. The air here was fresh. I threw up a window and leaned out. When I was quite myself I looked about the room. I was astonished to find it small. Holding my handkerchief to my nostrils I went down the passage and opened the other door, the only other door in the front wall. Another little room! And no Simpkins! Where could the fellow be? And where was the door of that room in which I had seen him?—a room which must take up at least half the house front. I went all over the house. Not a sign of him; yet he could not have escaped without me seeing him. And why should he? My head throbbed heavily from the curious fumes. It did not smell like paint. Nor was its effect like paint. Probably an escape of gas.

I threw up another window. Doing so I looked out. I was in the second small front room. To the left of me was the big bay-window at which I had seen Simpkins. I went to the end of the corridor. From the window of the other room the bay showed to my right. I felt maddened. Where was the entrance to that room—where, doubtless, Simpkins still remained? Pacing the passage I heard a sound as though something dropped. I knocked angrily upon the wall.

"Simpkins," I shouted, "what is the meaning of this fool's play? Where and why are you hiding?"

The words came back to me like gibes out of the hollows of the house. I shouted again only to be answered in the same strain. I went downstairs, and out into the garden. I ran my eye over the house front. It was as though I were being mocked. For not only were the windows I had opened still thrown up, but the three sashes of the bay, which before had been closed, were now raised. Out there in the daylight I could not help suspecting myself of some stupidity. There must be a door leading from one of the smaller side-rooms to that centre room—a door I had missed. Yet I had carefully looked for such a door. Bah! my senses must have been fogged by that vapour. My head even now throbbed with it. A room without entrance was an absurdity!

I went back to the house. The door was shut fast. I rattled it. I threw my weight against it. It was fast locked. Yet I had left it ajar. Was I being fooled, or was I fooling myself? Had I indeed seen Simpkins? Was anything as it had seemed to me that morning? I strode to the nearest telegraph office and wired him at Rossmore. In an hour a reply came: "Am here, at your lordship's service.—SIMPKINS." I took a course of Turkish baths and drank no wine for a week. If there be one thing I despise it is a man who cannot keep his head clear.

* * *

The villa of Simpkins faded from my mind, as did likewise, to some extent, my first impression of its builder. To say I ever liked him would mis-state the truth. But I could not help recognizing his exceptional business gifts and the zeal wherewith he prosecuted my affairs. I began to re-consider my intention of parting with him.

One morning I received the following letter from a girl dismissed a year before from my employ for bungling some business whereon she had been set:—

"HONoured LORD,—Pardon my addressing you, for I know you think low of me since the Smithson case; but any girl would have been frightened when Smithson took the carving-knife to her. But even Smithson's, honoured lord, was not as bad as this place. Yet mistress and master is bride and bridegroom, and a nicer couple couldn't be. 'What is it?'

you'd ask. It's the house, honoured lord. Yet it's a nice house, and the kitchen and pantries everything you could want for. But there's something about it. What that is time, if I ever have the nerve to stop long enough, will show. It's called 'Denhome' on the gate"—here I pricked up my ears—"but young mistress calls it 'Edenhome,' which we lay to soft-heartedness. Honoured lord, the Lovells are not gentry; which, when I found out, I never thought I could stop. But Mrs. Lovell's an angel, and there's no stint, them having come into a fortune. I don't rightly know the facts, but as they taught us at the Institute not to leave out anything, I mention that the Lovells got their money curious. Someone else had it, an uncle of theirs—Mr. Sinkin his name is——"

"My dear young woman," I here interjected, "you are disregarding one of my most stringent rules—that of getting names correctly."

"Well, he'd had the money—two thousand a year it is—for nearly ten years, when it was proved it wasn't his, but Lovell's. He'd kept back a will or something, they say; but it couldn't be proved. So he had to turn out. He must be a kind man, because he's built them this house, and won't take any rent for it. He says it eases his conscience. And, of course, he can't help there being something horrible about the house. It's a nice view, and polished floors, but the strangest noises and feel about it. Mr. Sinkin comes sometimes. He isn't a nice-looking gentleman, being cross-eyed and carrotty, but he's wonder-

ful kind and keeps telling master to look after his health, being delicate; and as Sinkin would get the money if master was to die, I call it kind. He's that careful of them nobody would expect—considering. The first time he came he was quite taken up because they didn't sleep in the best bed-room. 'It's a south aspic,' he said, quite angry, 'and a big atmosphy room. It was built special



"A PRETTY FRAGILE LITTLE CREATURE"

for you.' He quite stamped up and down the carpet, and mistress put her pretty white hand on his shoulder—though she's afraid of him—and she says, 'Uncle, we keep it for visitors. We keep it for you when you come. You've been so good to us.' He stared and looked quite queer. He was terribly vexed they didn't use the room he made for them.

"'O, you keep it for me, do you,' he says. Then he burst out laughing. He

laughs rather hoarse, and young mistress, she got nearer to master and put her hand to her throat. I was setting the table for dinner and I wasn't hurrying. Mr. Sinkin isn't good-looking, but he's nice spoken, and though I only hung his great coat up for him he gave me five shillings and says, 'you look after my nephew and niece. I'm fond of 'em.'

"It came up again at dinner. I had just handed him his pudding—mistress made it with her own hands—when he says again, shaking his fist playful at her, 'and don't let me hear any more of your not sleeping in the front bed-room—the room I built special, so sunny and healthy for poor Ned. Ned's lungs want a south aspic.' Master laughs and says, 'Why, uncle, all the front rooms are south.' Sinkin looked vexed. And I thought myself it was all they could do to please him and not argue. He says, frowning, 'It's the atmospheriness you want, Ned,' and he turned to mistress and says something about cuba feet, and ends, 'so I look to you to see Ned sleeps there. His mother died consumptive.' Mistress turned pale and caught the master's hand. 'O, Ned dear,' she says. 'I've no cough,' he answers, 'it's only uncle's over-kindness.'

"Ought he to go abroad?' she says to Sinkin, almost sobbing.

"He's best where he is,' he says short. 'The drains abroad are shocking.'

"Uncle,' she says, shivering, there's noises in the room—the strangest noises. Could it be rats?'

"He looked hard at her and says slowly: 'Rats in a new house—and a well-built house like this. Nonsense.' After a minute: 'There aren't noises every night?' he asks.

"No,' she says, 'only sometimes—horrid rumbling noises, and I think the gas escapes. That's why I thought it must be rats. They say rats eat the pipes.'

"I don't wonder he looked cross. It wasn't like mistress to argue so. Master broke out laughing. 'Uncle will think we're very ungrateful, Milly,' he says. 'And you can't be so silly as to think rats eat gas pipes.'

"Will you sleep there to-night, uncle,' she says. 'I should feel comfortable if somebody had slept there.'

"He finished picking out a walnut. Then, 'There's nothing I'd like better,'

he says. But after all he fell asleep in the library. I found him there when I went to do it next morning. His boots and coat was off, and he was on the couch covered with rugs almost as if he'd meant to sleep there. He gave me half-a-crown. 'You needn't say anything,' he says, 'but I was that tired I dropt asleep.' And he took his coat and boots and slipped up to the spare room. Honoured lord, it wasn't a week after when a young gent stopping here went to bed in the spare room—mistress couldn't bring herself to sleep there—as cheerful as might be, and in the morning he was dead—poisoned, the doctor said, with prussic acid. There he was, stretched out with his eyes staring horrible and his face blue, and the room like an essence-of-almonds bottle. Mr. Sinkin came down in an awful state. He got the papers to leave out the name of the house and paid us servants to keep it quiet.

"And, for Heaven's sake, don't leave the house,' he says to master, 'or I shall never let it again!'

"Master promised faithful. He had to settle it after with mistress. She begged him to take her away. She'd heard the noises that very night. 'I've promised uncle,' he says. So you see, honoured lord, I'm right in calling it an awful house. You don't know what a feel there is about it."

I wrote her one question. She replied, "The middle front room door opens in the passage just opposite the stairs. There's a little room at each end of the passage."

"Simpkins," I said, "I shall be in Suburbia this week. Can I leave a message for you at Edenhorne?"

He finished the few lines of a letter he was writing. Then he looked up. What eyes he had!

"Pardon," he said, "I am anxious to catch this post. Now I am at your lordship's service."

"Well, you heard what I said."

He scanned me narrowly.

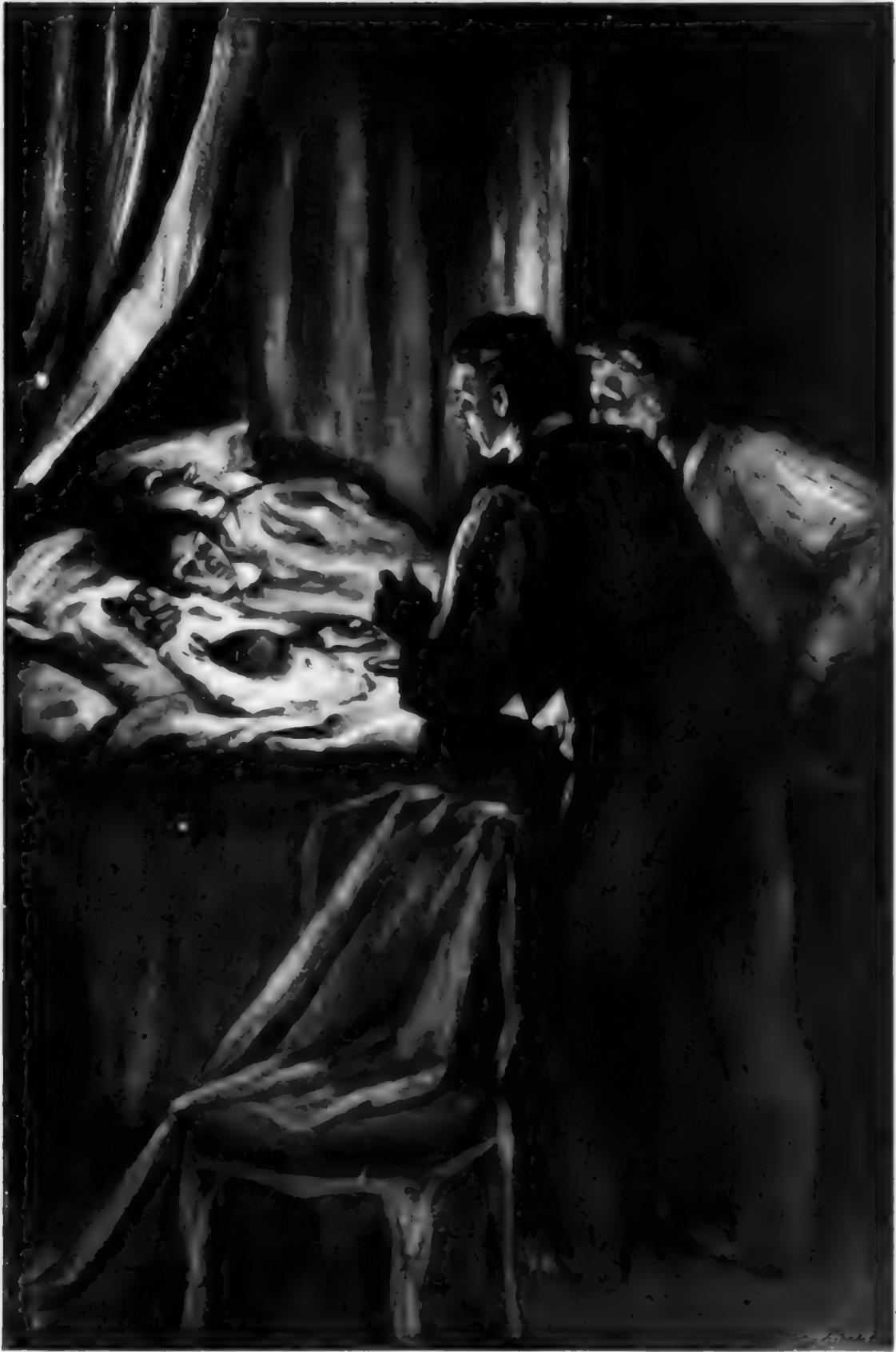
"My lord," he returned, "I fancied I could not have heard aright."

"Imagine you did."

"I have let Edenhorne," he said, evasively.

"To a nephew, I know. Can I leave a message for you?"

"Your lordship is pleased to jest. My nephew is not likely to be so favoured."



"THEY STARED STRAIGHT INTO ETERNITY"

"So so. I must introduce myself."

"There is not likely," he said, sneeringly, "to be anything in common between Ted Lovell, the draper's son—I do not pretend to be a person of family—and your lordship."

"I am interested in people," I returned, observing him. "I have heard of the suicide. I am interested in that haunted front room."

I saw the watch-chain on his waistcoat lift high. Then he spread his hands with a deprecatory gesture.

"I regret that somebody has been playing on your lordship's—I will not say credulity."

"You have no message, then?"

He followed me across the room with a curious cat-like tread. The air about him bristled with violence.

"You are pleased to be interested in my affairs," he said, with a suspicion of menace.

"I am interested in the construction of a certain room in a house I saw you building. You remember I went over it once," I added, quickly. But I was not quick enough. His eyebrows lifted.

"I was not aware it had been so honoured." His manner changed. "As you are so kind," he said, smoothly, "I will take the liberty of asking you to talk with Lovell. Since Rudderford's case, he has spoken morbidly of suicide. It is idiocy in a man so well placed."

"I will advise him to sleep in the large front room," I said.

He turned as if I had struck him, and went back to his work.

* * *

Hopkins opened the door. Her lids dropped on a gleam of recognition. It was the first rule of my institution that wheresoever or whensoever I should appear I was not to be identified. A pretty, fragile little creature in a tea-gown tripped into the drawing-room.

"I am pleased to know you," I said, taking her hand. "I am Lord Syfret. You will perhaps have heard of me: Mr. Simpkins is my agent."

She blushed and fluttered, smiling up at me.

"Uncle was good to speak of us, and your lordship is kinder to come and see us," she said, prettily.

Lovell was a pale-faced, ill-grown Cockney, proud of his lately-acquired money, proud of all he had exchanged

it for, and genuinely proud of his little wife.

"She's a jewel I wouldn't change for the 'ighest lady in the land," he confided to me. His watery eyes were full of tears. The statement was not likely to be put to the test; but I believe he honestly meant it.

"If you can put me up for the night I shall be infinitely obliged," I said. They would be greatly honoured. I hinted to be allowed to occupy the front large room.

"Why, I'd just persuaded Milly we'd sleep there to-night," he blurted.

Milly broke in—

"I will have a fire put there for you, Lord Syfret," and tripped away.

We had finished dinner, and Milly had sung me her songs—sweet little ballads she sang in a sweet little unaffected way—when there came a knocking at the front door. After an interval Simpkins entered. His eyes were blood-shot, his air restless. As he came in he shot a look at Lovell. That look said plainly, "I got your wire." I received him coolly. I regarded his intrusion as an impertinence. With his entry a reserve fell upon us. Poor Mrs. Lovell lost all her confidence and smiling gaiety. She watched him with a fascinated terror. She stole nearer to me as if for protection. Presently she made her apologies. She was not well and might she be excused? She was faint and trembling. I gave her my arm to the door. She sent one long shuddering look back at him. Then she drew a little agitated hand across her brow.

"O, my lord," she moaned through her white lips, "I am so afraid of him."

I steadied her to a chair. Lovell came out. I went back to the drawing-room. Simpkins sat scowling there.

"Your lordship's and my visits were ill-timed," he said, with a coarse laugh. "This night, even, may make me a great uncle."

After a few moments, professing anxiety about his niece, he left. Out in the hall an altercation sounded. I could hear his rough voice raised. I could hear the sob and pleading of a woman's voice and Lovell's cockney drawl. Once she cried out: "O, Ned, I cannot, cannot sleep there."

I went out.

"Is Mrs. Lovell better?" I questioned. She came to me with pleading hands.

"O, Lord Syfret——" she began. Simpkins caught her by the arm.

"You are hysterical," he said, roughly. "You must not bother his lordship."

I took her hand. "Remember, my dear, that I am to have the haunted room."

"Do you say it is haunted?" she asked, with wild eyes.

"You frighten her," Simpkins interposed, adding ceremoniously, "I regret the room has not been prepared for you. It is Mr. and Mrs. Lovell's own room."

She turned on him helplessly. She caught her breath with a sob. Lovell put his arm about her and persuaded her upstairs. At the top of the staircase she turned and swept one last terrified look down at us. Then she was gone. That look has never left me. To my death I shall regret that I did not act upon it and save her. I turned on Simpkins, who also stood looking up. There was in his face a singular malignant exultation.

"Why the deuce did you interfere?"

He looked me insolently in the eyes.

"Your lordship does not act with his accustomed breeding when he forces himself on an employé's affairs, and even dictates the room his host shall put him in."

He followed me into the drawing-room. There was an aggressive triumph about him.

"I sleep in town," he said. "Good-night."

I bowed. At the door he turned back.

"My agreement with you ends next week," he intimated, airily.

* * *

In the middle of the night I was roused by a curious sound. It seemed to be a muffled rumbling close at hand. I threw on some clothes and slipped into the passage. In the dim light I could see a thin line of shadow sliding down the wall—almost as if the wall had been moving. From somewhere sounded a hollow ticking, like that of an immense clock. Strange how the night develops sound! I had not seen nor previously heard a clock.

I was returning to my room, all noise but the sonorous tick having ceased, when I thought I heard a cry—a faint cry—in the same little voice that had

sung me her ballads. It was followed by two deep groans. Heavens! what had happened? I stood listening, with strained ears. But no other sound came, nothing but that ghostly ticking. I groped my way along the passage, feeling for a door. I missed it, but coming to the centre, where I had seen it some hours earlier, I laid my ear against the wall. I was struck by its curious chillness. The wall was of iron! I did not stop to wonder, for now I could plainly detect a deep drawn breathing. It kept time intermittently with the clock. I knocked on the wall. It might be merely Lovell snoring. But I did not like the sound of it.

Suddenly I became aware of the same heavy odour I had before detected. It was no escape of gas. I remembered Hopkins' words about the bitter almonds. This was a smell of bitter almonds. Then I laughed at myself. I should be seeing Rudderford's ghost next! Yet so strongly were my senses worked upon that I grew presently faint with the overpowering odour. And it was unmistakably a smell of bitter almonds. Again I groped for the door handle. I drew my hands along and up and down the wall, going over the whole expanse between the rooms at either end. I could find neither handle nor panel nor jamb. The whole extent was one smooth, iron-cold surface. The clock clacked tick! tick! tick! with sonorous beat. By this the stentorous breathing had ceased. On the other side was silence.

Groping once more and finding no door, I became alarmed. I ran back to my room—my head throbbing till I reeled—and lighted a candle. I dipped my handkerchief into water and bound it loosely across my mouth and nostrils. Then I carried my candle into the passage. It was as I had suspected. There was no door. As on that morning, so now the space between the rooms at either end of the corridor was one plain surface. Trapping and testing brought out the chill feel and hollow note of metal. An iron plate had been dropped over the door—barring egress and ingress. The horrible clock ticked on. For what purpose? I was now convinced of some catastrophe. I knocked and called. I pounded with my fists upon the iron plate. It sounded thunderously, reproducing in exaggeration the noise that had



"FLUNG HIMSELF UPON THE PANELS"

awakened me. But no other sound answered. I rushed upstairs and stood in the upper passage calling for help. I beat one or two doors. Soon a man appeared—the single man-servant of the establishment. He thrust his head out sleepily.

"Come," I insisted, "something has happened."

As we descended the same low, rumbling sound was audible. In the flickering light the wall was crossed again by a rapid line of shadow—a line that now ascended. Then all was silent. Even the clock stopped. By this the almond smell was overpowering. I made the man protect his mouth and nostrils. The first thing my light flashed on was the door of Lovell's room, the door of which a minute earlier there had been no trace. Gracious, what devilry was this? And what the calamity. I knocked loudly on the panels. An ominous stillness reigned. I knocked again. Then I turned the handle and went in.

They were dead. They lay quiet as in sleep, only a curious blueness of skin and glassiness of the widely-staring eyeballs showed the sleep final. Her hand was in his; her head lay on his shoulder. So they stared straight into eternity, a smile on their faces.

But this was not all. The pitifulness of it—the pitifulness! For at her side, curled up as if in slumber, lay a newborn babe—a tiny premature thing that nestled a darkly-curling head against her arm.

* * * *

Before it was day I had interviewed the magistrate and police. They poo-hooed my version of the case, rejecting it as melo-drama; such things were not out of romances. The case was manifestly one of concerted suicide. The sliding-wall excited smiles. In the middle of the night, they said, one can be pardoned some fogginess of sense. They did not consider there was so far a tittle of evidence on which to arrest Simpkins.

I sent for a London detective. I set an expert to explore the wall. It were impossible, he said, to explain a singular construction without some preliminary and considerable damage, which pending the inquest was not advisable. There were grooves in the door-jambs of the

small rooms off the passage—there was space to contain such a sliding-wall as I had indicated.

That night I secreted in the house my detective, two police-officers and a friend. I knew Simpkins would come, and he came, as I likewise expected, with materials for a conflagration. Hopkins admitted him. He would remain the night, he said. He professed an overwhelming grief. He had already supped. He would go straight to that room where the dead lay. Through a peep-hole punctured in the wall we watched him from one of the adjoining rooms. No sooner was the door shut than he dragged chairs, cushions, towel-rack, all else combustible toward the door. He even tore the curtains from the bed. Then he saturated the whole with oil he had with him. He had lighted a fuse and was making for the door when suddenly he stopped.

Tick! tick! began the clock. Tick! tick! It startled us with its suddenness and nearness. In a panic he flung his fuse. It fell short and lay smouldering on the floor. But he heeded nothing. He was beating frenziedly upon the door. However, we had seen into that. Tick! tick! went the clock. He thundered with his fists and feet and shouted desperately.

A rumbling began. He flung himself upon the panels. But they held out bravely. Tick! tick! went the clock; rumble, rumble, rolled the descending wall. He sprang to the windows; but we had seen to those. Suddenly I realised what was about to happen. The devilry planned by himself was on his track, hastened, it might be, by the explorations of my expert.

"Quick, quick!" I urged. "Unlock the door; we must not take the law into our hands."

But we were too late. Outside, in the corridor, the sliding wall came down—the door was sealed. The rumble ceased; but the clock ticked on, counting his moments. The almond smell rose strong.

"Where do the fumes come from?" I questioned.

The detective, with an impassive face, stepped aside from a peep-hole. I looked long enough to see that a soft-spraying like tiny rain was falling in the room. Already he lay on the floor with gasping breath and distended eyes. I

left the peep-hole to more interested watchers. Tick! tick! went the clock, counting his moments. Tick! tick! tick! "He's dead," they said. Tick! tick! went the clock. We passed into the corridor. The wall slid presently up with its curious rumble. Then the clock stopped. We opened the door and went in. He was dead, truly. And

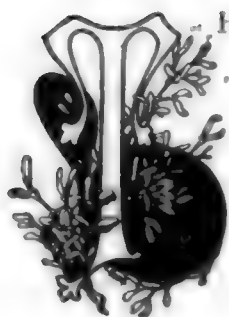
death in his guise was not dignified. He had been caught in the trap of his own ingenuity—for the mechanism showed a devilish ingenuity. The clockwork regulating it—clockwork set by his own hand—had with a fine unerring justice timed away his life. I will wager clockwork has rarely done the world greater service.



THE FISHERMAN'S LANDING
From a photograph by the Rev. A. H. Blake

At an Elephant Round-Up.

BY G. W. WARD.



HERE is only one place in the whole wide world where it is possible to breakfast comfortably in a well-appointed hotel, and yet after a few hours' travel by rail or river, view a free circus comprising some three hundred real ramping, raging, wild elephants. Even in the place I mention the spectacle is to be seen but once a year for a week in the spring; when, the elephantine fancy "lightly turning," &c., the increased sociability of the herds leads them to their own undoing at the hands of their fellow-elephants. It is a sight not likely to be seen by another generation if there is any further dividing up of Further India by England and France, for the *locale* is that distressful country which is rapidly becoming a mere geographical expression—Siam. Ten years ago the Lord of the White Elephant really did lord it: for hundreds of miles in every direction around his palace on the banks of the Menam he owned every "ingy-rubber bull with a tail at both ends," wild or tame, and the penalties for meddling with them were severe. Now the area of his Majesty's preserves is much diminished. Siam to-day is nothing but the Menam region, which an active elephant can walk across between two meals.

Nevertheless there is every likelihood of the Siamese authorities continuing to organise the Mammoth Spring Circus for some years to come, and stay-at-home people may be interested in learning what it looked like in its palmier days. Eighty odd miles north of Bangkok is a large area intersected by innumerable creeks, and covered with crumbling brickwork and wrecked structures of heavy teak, just as it was left when the Burmese invaders had gone over it with their search-warrant, nearly a century and a-half ago. The name of the place

is Ayuthia, Siam's capital for half a thousand years, and now nothing but a big village amid the ruins of whose palaces and temples

*"The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want t' e
larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile."*

There is more piracy, and dacoity, and cattle-rearing round the played-out metropolis than in all Lower Burmah under our administration.

But to return to our elephants. Over the immense alluvial plains surrounding Ayuthia roam uncounted elephants and innumerable smaller game—buffalo, tiger, deer and the rest. Live stock of that sort swarms to a degree undreamt of by the average shikari in other countries; yet nobody ever goes shooting. So the elephant and his congeners have a good time, devastating paddy-fields and village plantations. Especially is this true of the elephant, because the native is precluded by law from potting him, and it is not easy to poach an elephant. The pirates and dacoits and buffalo-lifters never trouble them, and there are plenty of keepers to see that they are not shot or allowed to tumble into pitfalls. Gangs of the royal slaves are for ever on their track, and marking their increase, so far as this can be done without alarming them. Day and night they are on watch, be the season wet or dry. Towards the end of January, however, their real work begins, or it may be a good deal earlier, according to the distance the herd is from Ayuthia.

Getting to the off-side, the men have to drive their charges towards a common centre—no easy thing with a suspicious tusker weighing about four thousand pounds to conciliate, and eight or nine uneasy mothers, each with some precious offspring, in various stages of growth, at foot. These lady elephants usually insist

on baby being underneath them, and the larger herds from the parent branch mostly spend their time in roaming away, charging the hunters, and ignoring the entreaties of the parent on both sides to retreat judiciously. In the daytime elephant-driving is a trifling sort of business, because the brutes are loafing about in the long grass or the matted curse of creation which men call jungle. But at night they are not docile. It is then that the mosquitoes begin to trouble them through the corrugations in their hides, and they decide to have a real feed, since they must stay awake. So they crash about through the shrubbery, leaving a track such as a traction-engine would leave if it was running amuck, and annoying the men to windward, who would like to sleep round the scare-fires if it were not for fear of the flogging that would follow the stampede. As it is, they have to get up and set off diluted fireworks to induce their leviathan charges to go further west.

It would turn anybody but an Asiatic grey-haired to spend week after week shoving a ship-load of elephants along at the rate of two miles a day and night, but it just suits the Siamese temperament. That is about his distance. The only time he ever bustles is when he discovers that his herd has a mud-coloured beast with weak eyes and an abnormal number of toes, and a few other marks which distinguish a white elephant, and then he breaks his neck pretty well to secure it (it is never very old when it is come upon—the look-out is too keen), because he knows that its capture will procure him not only his freedom, but a peerage and a reward as well.

When weeks and months have been spent in concentrating the elephants around a central spot, a day is appointed by the Siamese Minister for the Interior for the grand battue. The elephant doctors (*mo-chang*), whose business it is to arrest and bind such animals as may be selected for taming, begin their preparations, overhauling their rattan cables, and cleaning out the Kheddah. This is a huge quadrangle fenced in by rough old teak logs, much decayed now, after a century's exposure, but still stout enough to check a charging tusker, and planted at intervals sufficiently wide to let the "doctors" slip through if they want to get outside in a hurry. In the centre

is a smaller square, similarly used as a refuge. Leading up to the entrance gate is the V-shaped fence, and front and rear runs a broadish river, encompassing the island on which the big mouse-trap stands. There is very little attempt at disguising the approach by interlacing boughs among the big palings. The beaters rely on skilful steering from behind, assisted by fires at night and much shooting and shouting in the daytime. By the appointed day fifty herds or more will have been collected on the eastward plain, within an area of a few miles, and twenty or thirty trained bulls sent out to form a cordon on their rear. And a magnificent sight it is to see the monsters slowly roaming about in hundreds, emitting uneasy shrieks from time to time, and evidently wondering if another Noah's Ark is being chartered for them. The big tuskers stalk majestically at the head of their half-dozen wives and progeny, eyeing with jealous suspicion the heavy-weight strangers who range along the outer edge of the crowd in a most annoying way. But for these heavy-weights, however, there would be little chance of corralling the herds, pandemonium, uproar, and flashing torches notwithstanding. Theirs is the task of stemming the onslaught of the high-spirited half-grown young bulls, and beguiling the fractious females into foolish confidence. They do it with all the stolid authority of a burly constable keeping a crowd of youngsters in order—just administering a clout with their trunks here and there, or shoving irresistibly at the surging mass in front. It is dusty, dangerous work, but elephants are not to be hurried, and it takes a weary time before the river is reached. Then the immense drove insist on another three hours' rest, whilst they slop about along half-a-mile of the stream, irrigating themselves both inside and out.

It is the last drink they will have for many a day. In due time the order to "move on" is again issued. A few minutes' saunter from the river bank and the V-fence begins to both incommode and alarm the leaders, but the pressure behind keeps them moving, *bon gré, mal gré*, until the narrow gateway is reached. It is just wide enough for an elephant of the antediluvian brand to pass, and sufficiently narrow to prevent the modern variety from turning round when inside.

Once the leaders are through there is little difficulty in prevailing on the rest to follow; in they rush, like a crowd at the pit door of a big theatre on a first night, and, as in the latter case, the feminine portion prove the most obstructive, fussing around after their offspring. The maternal elephant is most fearfully upset when her waddling little three months' old calf gets astray in the crush, and squeals for her to come and rescue him; she trumpets and waves her ears, and reaches frantically about below

that combination is necessary. Half-a-dozen successive charges by as many of their stalwart forwards would lay low any given post and leave a five foot gap, but do you think they ever try it? Never, though some of the veterans must have been in the place half-a-dozen times or more. Up and down they rage, butting at large, and tiring themselves out, and all the while a dozen enormous police-elephants stand on point-duty in one corner phlegmatically observant of the riot. At length the imprisoned herd



IN THE KHEDDAH

the surface with her trunk, and, finally, when she finds a small leg, she hauls it and the rest of the baby towards her and shoves it underneath her body.

At last they are all inside the great yard, with a heavy log barring the gate through which they have just passed, and a general reconnaissance is promptly organised with a view to finding the exit. It is not far away—to the left of the grand stand—but unfortunately the person in charge seems always to have forgotten to unbar it, and they all start investigating the surrounding fence with a view to either scaling it or shoving it down. The shoving down idea is always the favourite, and it ought to succeed, considering the state of decay the posts are in, but the captives do not seem to grasp the fact

realise that they cannot break out, and begin to huddle together in a sort of "Misery likes company" way. It is then that there is most danger of their getting away, for if a score or so started leaning in a heap against the palisading the combined pressure would prove too much for even a seasoned two-foot teak log. So the mahouts on the necks of the renegade elephants hit their mounts over the skull with a big iron hook, to intimate that the crowd must be dispersed. As they advance the herd retreats, and round and round in a solid phalanx go the whole troop, *ohne hast, ohne rast*. The livelong day they are harassed into constant movement, much to the entertainment of the thousands of holiday-making natives who squat around the corral wall

Meantime the official who is superintending has been picking out the animals he wants caught—half-grown ones generally, as experience shows that those full-grown are difficult to tame and train, and it takes too long before the very youthful specimens are fit to distribute to the various Governors or heads of departments who are to employ them in hauling or travelling.

It is all very well for the presiding nobleman to tell his men to "catch that one," but the contract is not easy to execute. The one indicated is always in the bosom of his family, and sensible enough to stop there as long as he can. To extricate him the *mo-chang* skilfully break up the circling drove time after time, heading them off in the most fearless way until they have got their prey in the rear rank. Once clear of the ruck the doom of the quarry is soon sealed. Darting out of the inner chain of posts two or three half-naked fellows drag along a rattan cable, not particularly thick, but strong as wire. The end is looped into a big running noose, which it is their business to place so that the beast upon which they have designs will put one of his feet into it in his struggles to get back into the scrimmage. The men are so cool and active and dodge so smartly that they rarely get stepped on. When the elephant has got his foot noosed he drags the cable along for a few steps and then suddenly brings up in a surprised way, owing to the other end of the rope being belayed around a post. The rest of the procession keep callously moving on, and in a few seconds he finds himself alone, hauling vainly at his moorings, and at the same time trying to untie himself with his trunk. For the first few minutes he screams and swears, his ears stand out a yard or so on either side, and his trunk reaches out as if he wanted to hook on to a star. Meanwhile the rest of the herd are headed off into a corner, so as not to interrupt, and after a short interval the process of removal to gaol begins. A couple of tame tuskers move alongside the young whirlwind, and begin to lean heavily against him to indicate that he had better shut off steam. He soon quietens down, and then the mahouts begin the most dangerous bit of their work. Leaning from their lofty perches over the head of the captive, within easy reach of his trunk, they pass

a rope collar around what may euphemistically be called his neck, and then lash that to similar necklets on their own animals. On occasion, though, they "handcuff" their prisoner instead, as shown in our first illustration. He is hauled away towards the exit, protesting vigorously. At the gate his fetters are loosed, as there is only room for one animal to pass through at a time, and in he rushes, rejoicing in his new freedom, only to find two more nine-foot police awaiting him at the further end, ready to harness up and drag him away to the long range of open stables. Arrived there, sore, exhausted, and thirsty, but mutinous as ever, he is tied up by a loose rattan ring to a stout post. Water is then poured over him from a respectful distance by means of bamboo boughs, and bundles of food are offered him, only to be straightway hurled at the attendants. It takes him many a day to get over his sulks, and discover that his perpetual efforts to pull the place down only half choke him, but after a period he earns the confidence of his future driver sufficiently to justify some relaxation of his bonds and so, month by month, his behaviour improves until in a couple of years or so he is ready in his turn to go forth and help to decoy and entrap his family and kindred, or to be sold for three or four thousand pieces of silver, and pile teak.

But the experiences of those he left in the kheddah are worth a few lines. Seven or eight times a day during the greater part of a week, the roping and removal of the pick of the vast herd is repeated; from dawn to dark the poor brutes are chivied about the dusty arena, whilst the livelong night they may be dimly distinguished as they surge slowly and incessantly around, vainly searching for the water that their scent tells them is flowing near by. The dear little calves, shambling along like so many mangy bears, suffer most, as the maternal milk-supply diminishes. Fighting is infrequent considering the dimensions of the mass-meeting and the natural amount of excitement that exists; but the squeezing is a thing that few are likely to forget who have had a central place in the crowd. Nearly ever year one or two are crushed to death.

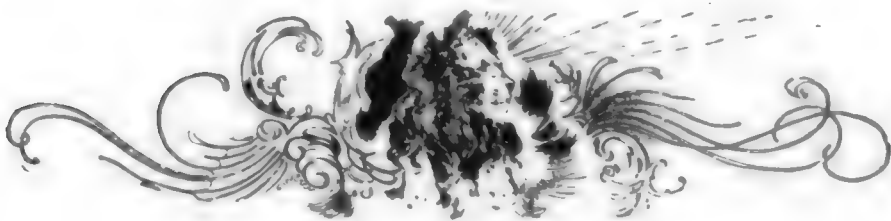
But at length the chosen few are gone and the many are permitted to regain their freedom. It is a tedious business,



A HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS

piloting them singly through the straight gateway, but it is managed somehow, and as they charge out into the open with upraised trunks and curly tails, trumpeting defiance to the wide world, the multitude of onlookers start for seats up trees. Before many minutes the quadrupeds are collected together, and the river is churned into mud by their thousand feet, as they quench their insatiable thirst and wash off the dust of many days. That over, a few amuse

who surround them, with a view to a little retribution, and now and again they succeed when they don't go trying to catch too many at once. When at last the pastime tires, and the herds have refreshed themselves sufficiently, their oppressors, biped and quadruped, menace them once more, and they retreat in a dignified way towards their former haunts, to rest in peace for another year or two, and rear fresh victims for their royal owner down in Bangkok.



From Generation to Generation.

THE DUKES AND DUCHESSSES OF MARLBOROUGH.



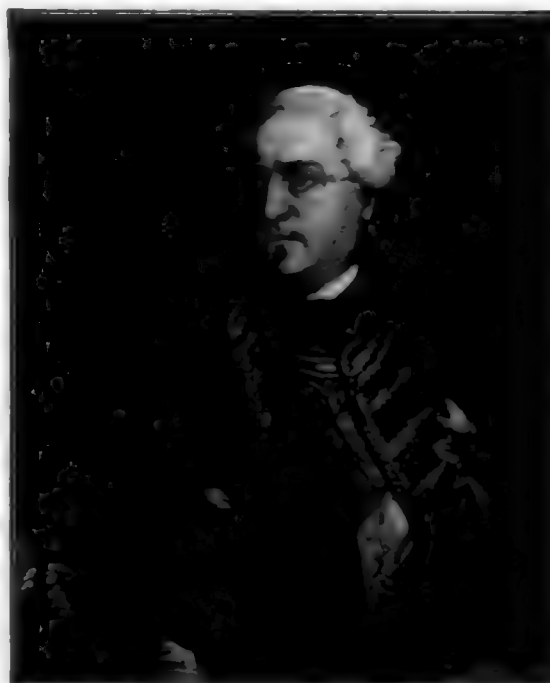
THE FIRST DUKE



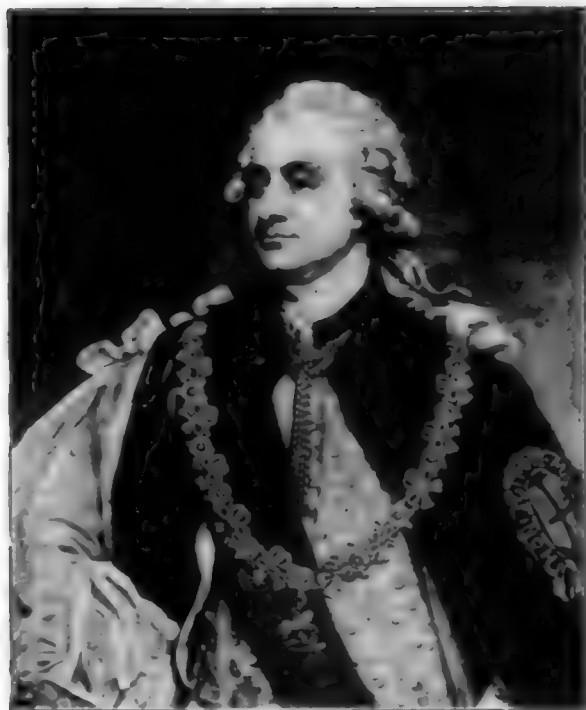
THE FIRST DUCHESS



THE COUNTESS OF GODOLPHIN
SUCCEEDED AS DUCHESS BY SPECIAL ACT



THE THIRD DUKE



THE FOURTH DUKE



THE FOURTH DUCHESS



THE FIFTH DUKE



THE FIFTH DUCHESS



THE SIXTH DUKE



THE FIRST AND SECOND WIVES OF THE SIXTH DUKE



THE SEVENTH DUKE



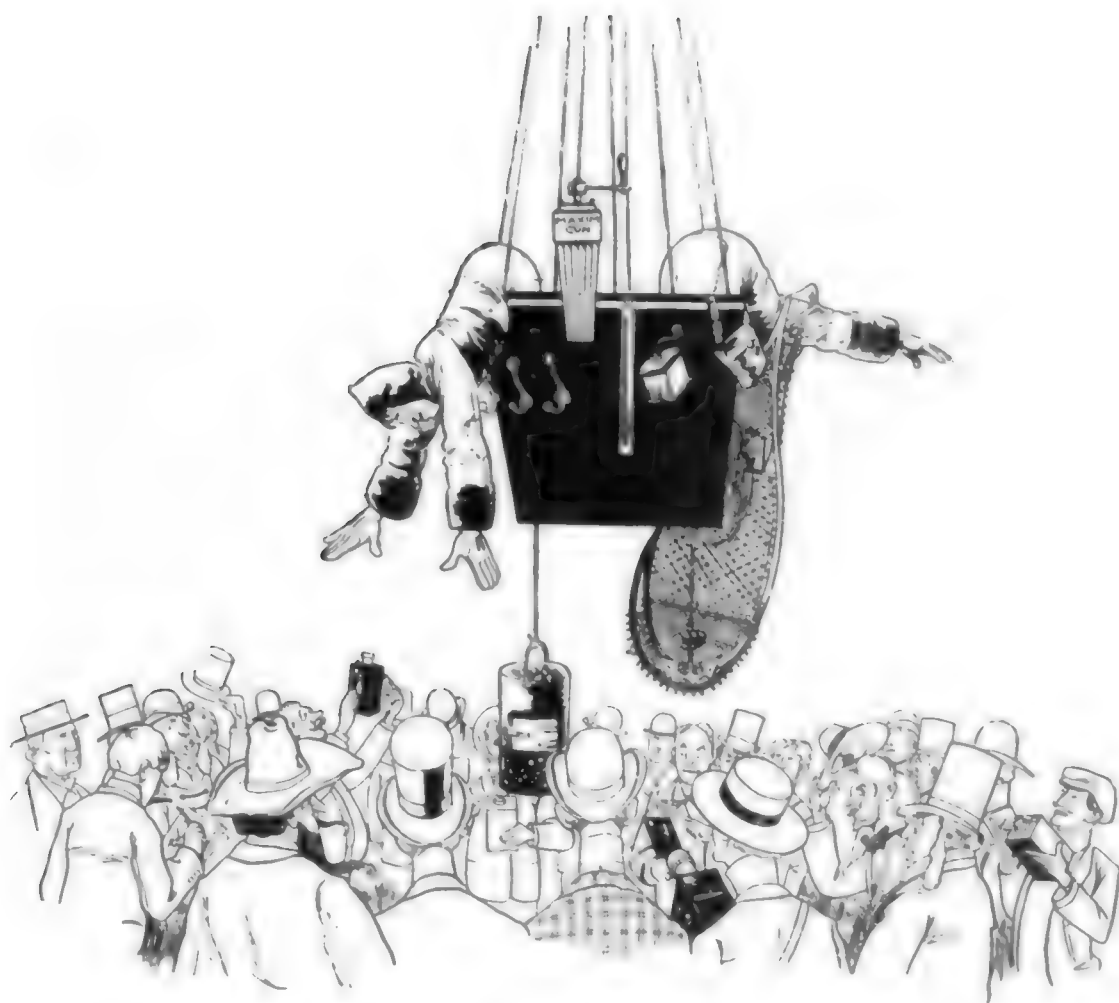
THE EIGHTH DUKE
From a photograph by Russell and Sons



THE PRESENT DUCHESS



THE PRESENT DUKE



"AN EMOTIONAL CROWD WITNESSED THE DEPARTURE"

The Muggsenn Expedition.

WRITTEN BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

ILLUSTRATED BY RENE BULL

"CHRISTIAN," said Professor Frithiof Muggsenn to his valet, "I am going to the North Pole in my balloon, the *Pram*."

"Very well, I will put the reindeer under-garments to the fire, and have the snow shoes re-soled," said Christian.

There was no emotion, no flutter. Christian knew his master.

"We depart at half-past four to-morrow from the Beer Gardens. I have arranged for eighty per cent. of the gate money—if we return. You will in the course of the day purchase a second-hand Maxim gun, a coffee-grinder, a thermometer, and a small-sized sheet anchor. Also pack the clothes-line. That will be all." The Professor waved his hand, indicating that the interview was at an end, and Christian vanished.

An emotional crowd witnessed Professor Muggsenn's departure. He counted the heads, a feat easy to one of his mathematical attainments, and doubly so from the nature of his bird's-eye position. The result was gratifying. A thousand kodaks flashed in the sunshine, and a rousing Norwegian cheer heralded the departure of the *Pram*.

"They will rend the welkin," said the Professor anxiously, "and then Heaven alone knows what may happen."

Meanwhile Christian got things into some order and comfort; but he could not restrain a manly tear when he recollected his last interview with the Professor on terra firma. The brave fellow had asked for an increase of salary or some proportion of the profits, but his master, with a laconic abruptness for which he

was celebrated, refused to discuss the question.

"We are now," said the Professor, "at an altitude of 50,000 feet above the earth. Yet, such is the clearness of the atmosphere, I can by the aid of this telescope already detect indications of a glacial period at no distant date. However," he added, "that does not concern us." Then his tone changed, and he asked with his customary curtness, "How's her head?"

Christian studied the thermometer, and answered: "Due north by east."

"That will do as well as anything else."

Night closed in, and the loneliness was quite exceptional. An occasional cloud enveloped the balloon.

Suddenly there was a crash, a roar, and a rattle. The man of science started from troubled slumber to find Christian playing on the Maxim gun like a barrel organ.

"What have you broken?" asked Professor Muggsenn.

"The silence!" answered Christian. It was a true example of Norwegian humour, and the *savant* laughed heartily.

Then both men slept, and the stars twinkled mysteriously out of the depths of the sky, while the *Pram* creaked and curvetted through infinite space.

The intrepid explorers were awakened some three or four weeks later by a peculiar sound, which appeared to proceed from the horizon.

"It is somebody sharpening a ham-knife," said Christian.

"Nay, foolish fellow," answered the Professor; "it is an Aurora Borealis."

The valet, who had never previously been so far north, was bound to take his master's word for it.

"We are now," continued the Professor, who had just taken an observation with the coffee-grinder, "almost exactly beneath the North Star."

"True, I see it exactly overhead," said Christian; "or rather," he added, correcting himself, "I should do so if it were not for the fact that it is broad daylight, and that the balloon interrupts my survey."

"Exactly! And if the North Star is just over our heads, what must be just beneath our feet?"

"I never guessed a riddle in my life," answered Christian.

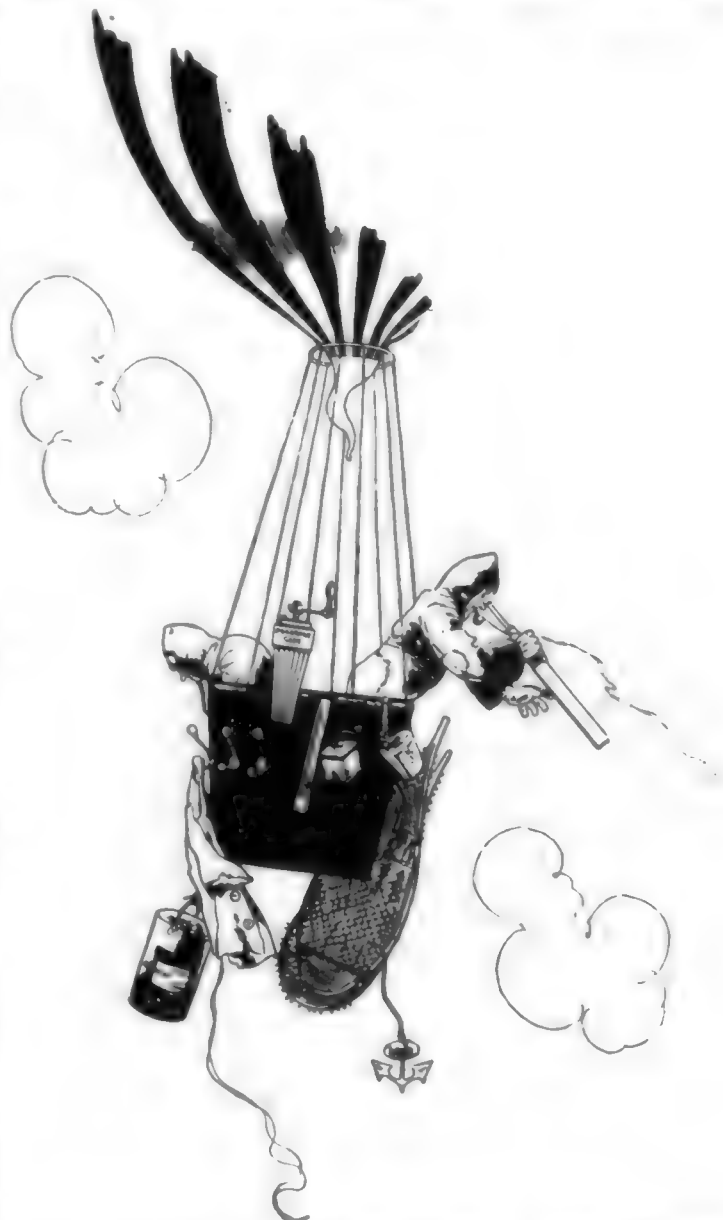
"Why, the North Pole," said Professor Muggsenn, triumphantly. Christian peered over the side of the car.

"Hush!" he said. "I see it!"

"What?" asked the Professor, calmly.

"The North Pole," whispered Christian, with his finger on his lips.

At that supreme moment both men kept perfectly cool. They could not



"I CAN BY THE AID OF THIS TELESCOPE ALREADY DETECT INDICATIONS OF A GLACIAL PERIOD"

help it. The thermometer indicated a temperature of numerous degrees below zero.

"What is it like?" asked the Pro-

fessor cut the polar air. In the icy fastnesses of that unutterable desolation, heard for the first time amidst those fantastic floes and baleful bergs which



"CAST FORTH THE CLOTHES-LINE WITH ADMIRABLE DEXTERITY"

fessor, whose emotion now threatened to unman him.

"Like a piece of treacle-stick somebody's been sucking," answered Christian, whose forte was homely simile.

"'Tis thus, I pictured it in my dreams," answered his master. The revulsion of feeling brought a few hot tears to the old man's eyes. They froze as they fell, and a polar bear, passing by, thought it hailed.

Then a sudden and wholly unexpected burst of auroral light illumined the weird scene, and the clear accents of the

hem in the Northern Pole, there rang out the clarion voice of MAN!

"Get out the clothes-line!"

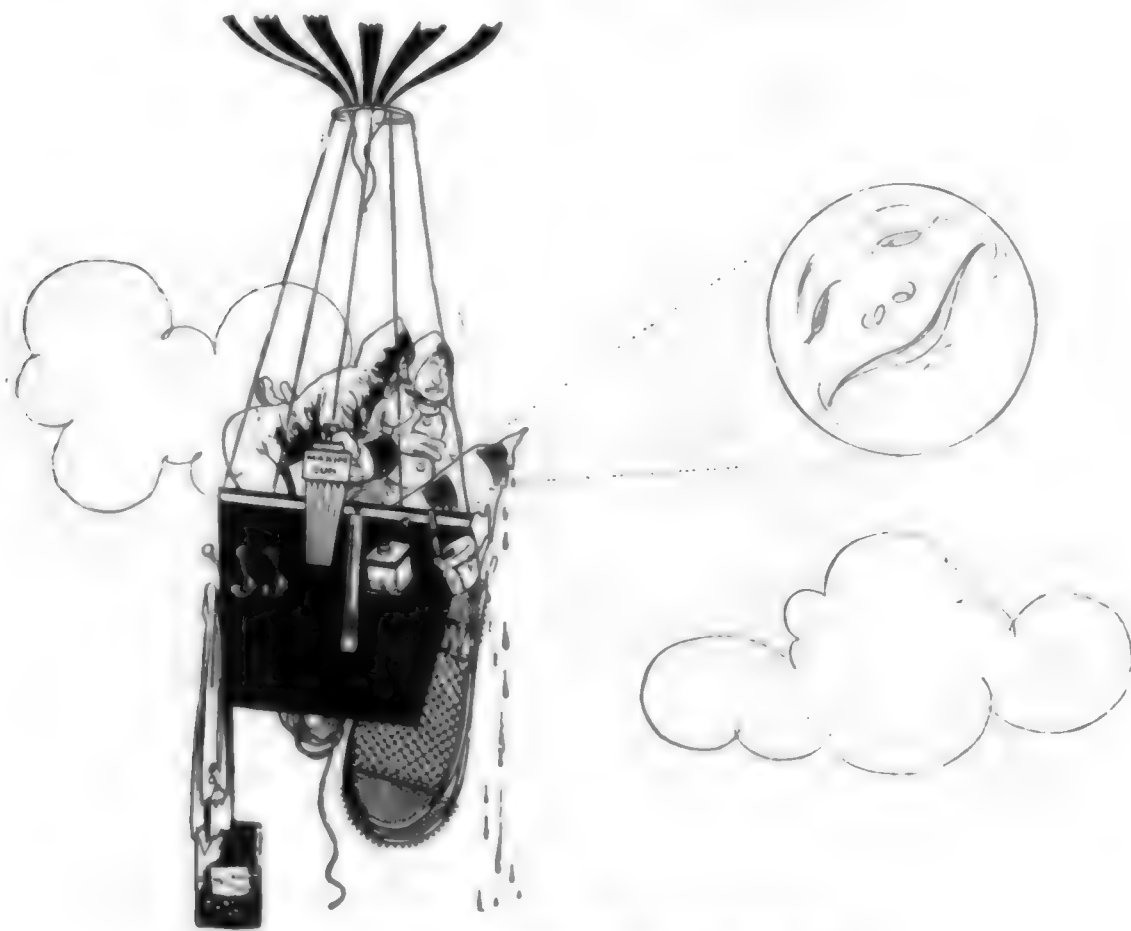
Christian saw his master's meaning.

"You are going to take it away!"

The Professor nodded.



"THE PROFESSOR HAD CAPTURED THE POLE"



"RAPIDLY MELTING UNDER A HOT SUN"

"What genius!" thought Christian.

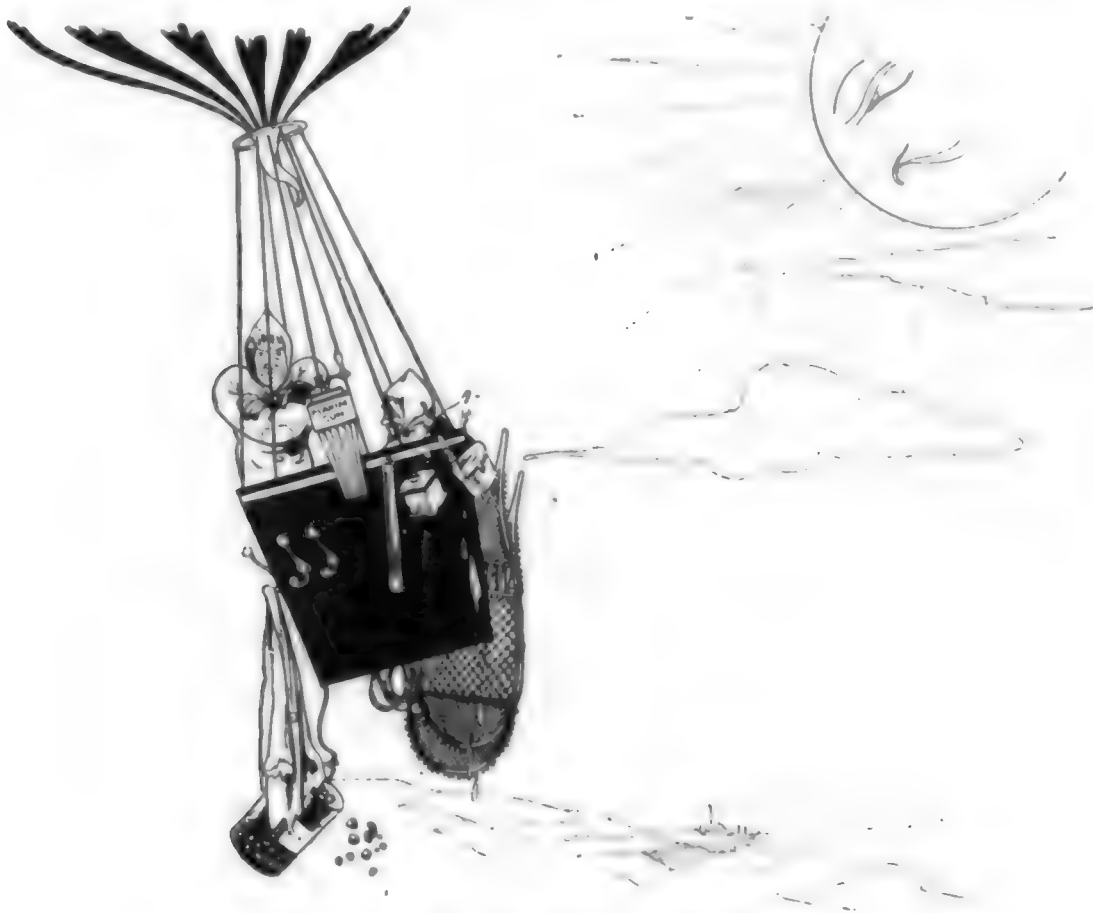
Then he cast forth the clothes-line with admirable dexterity.

"Heave ho!" cried the Professor.

There was a crash. The frustrated bergs gnashed their teeth; the frantic floes lashed the water into foam; the aurora crackled with indignation; while mock suns and other phenomena (each in its way unique, but all common to these remarkable latitudes) manifested themselves to the best of their ability. But what is blind Nature when pitted

which the *Pram* travelled few things of any importance occur. But the weather grew warmer as the balloon flew swiftly southward, and all too soon an event, the possibility of which had been strangely enough overlooked, became an accomplished fact.

It happened that, chipping a fragment off the North Pole to cool a brandy and soda, the Professor forgot to wrap the priceless relic up in a blanket afterwards according to his custom; and a couple of hours later, on turning to do so, his



"A MERE STUMP OF THE MAJESTIC CURIOSITY ALONE REMAINED"

against the skill and subtlety of Conscious Intelligence? Nothing. The Professor lighted his cigar, while all those untamed and indigenous curiosities which inhabit the extreme North raised their voices in a long and mournful yell of anguish. Why?

The Professor had captured the Pole, and in so doing removed from that inhospitable region its sole possession of any value.

• • •

The return journey was performed with an almost monotonous lack of incident, for in those high elevations at

horror was extreme at finding the fruit of his adventure rapidly melting under a hot sun.

Smothering a Norwegian imprecation, the startled man of science laboured to preserve the fast fleeting fragments of the North Pole; but alas! it was too late. A mere stump of the majestic curiosity alone remained, and Muggsenn, stung to rashness by his disappointing discovery, nearly fell backwards out of the balloon. With admirable presence of mind the valet, Christian, succeeded in catching the remains of the Pole as it dripped and streamed over the edge

of the car, and by his ready wit and forethought he thus saved for the unfortunate Professor at least two quarts of pure North Pole water.

"Even that will be a curiosity," said Christian; "and at least, by producing it, you can prove that your account of the Pole is true."

Professor Muggsenn permitted the indomitable valet to comfort him.

"True," he answered, "the water is better than nothing, and will fetch good money. I shall sell it at fifty guineas a half-pint for Royal christenings and kindred imposing functions. Unfortunately, it happens that pure water is a

thing little used at imposing functions; but we must do the best we can."

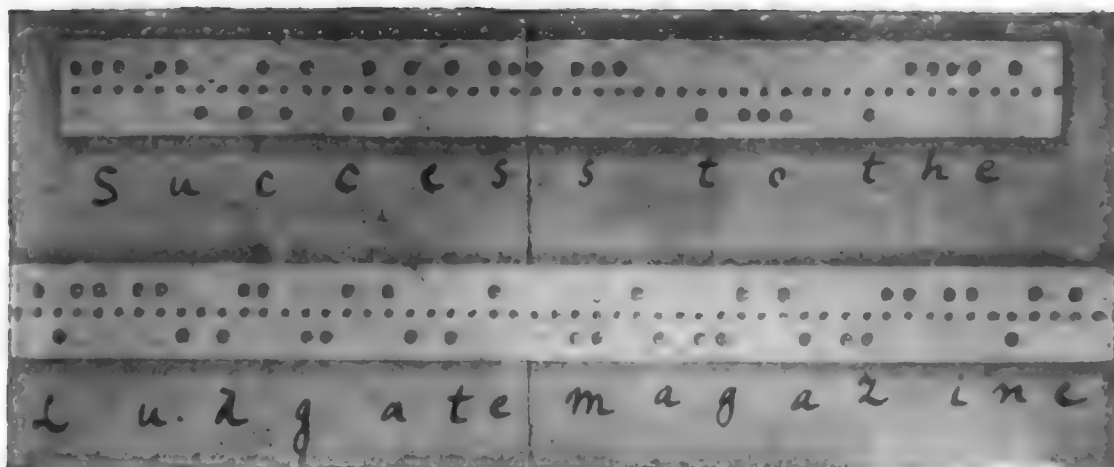
An hour later the fortunate discoverers cast forth their sheet-anchor, which by curious chance caught fast on a kiosk in the very Beer Gardens from whence they had originally started. Half-an-hour later the aeronauts entered a special train for the capital amid very general and enthusiastic expressions of good-will from the populace.

"Next year I go to the South Pole," said Professor Muggsenn. "I presume, Christian, my faithful fellow, that you will accompany that expedition?"

"I think not," said Christian."



"AT LEAST TWO QUARTS OF PURE NORTH POLE WATER"



MESSAGE TRANSMITTED BY AUTOMATIC SIGNALS

A Famous Atlantic Cable Station.

BY ROLAND BELFORT.

THE most famous of cable stations is Valentia, the principal ocean terminus in Europe of the Anglo-American Telegraph, the pioneer Atlantic Cable Company. Romantic and exciting episodes marked the laying of its first cables. Cyrus Field, Sir John Pender, Sir James Anderson, and Lord Kelvin played leading parts in this enterprise, whose successful realisation proved the dawn of a new era in international industry. Valentia is a small island off the south-west of Ireland. It is sparsely populated, the principal settlement being the cable station, a busy, thriving colony of about a hundred and sixty, whereof fifty-five are employes. Built on a sheltered terrace overlooking the mainland, the station comprises sixteen houses: Cable office, superintendent's house, club house, bachelors' quarters, married men's cottages, and various minor outbuildings. Pretty gardens, cricket and tennis

grounds complete the settlement. The appointments throughout are appropriate and comfortable, and the Company spares no expense in promoting the welfare of the staff. Though living in this isolated district, they are always in touch with the outside world, every important event being known there shortly after its occurrence. For in-



LANDING-PLACE, CABLES PROTECTED BY IRON PIPES

stance, the successful Boat Race crew on the Derby crack have scarcely completed their course ere the Anglo has flashed the result to New York—fifteen seconds being the record.

The system of the corporation consists of 15 cables, aggregating 12,245 miles of cable. This includes one line from Brest to St. Pierre, Miquelon, 2,717 miles long, and four main cables averaging 1,867 miles each from Valentia



THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S STATION AT VALENTIA

to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, a counterpart of the Irish station. The latest cable, laid in '94, is the fastest in the world, by reason of the unusually heavy weight of its copper conductor and gutta-percha insulation. It cost £450,000, is 1,845 miles long, and weighs 4,600 tons. The conductor, which weighs 650 lbs. to the mile, is composed of a strand of thirteen copper wires aggregating 23,985 miles. Altogether, this cable contains enough copper wire, steel wire and jute yarn sheathing to stretch several miles round the world if laid in a single strand. Its carrying capacity is so great that no operator can work it to its utmost speed by hand, and automatic transmission has to be employed. The speed thus attained approaches fifty words a minute, and this is almost doubled by the use of the Duplex system. Duplexed land lines connect Valentia with the Company's offices in London, Liverpool, and other centres, while a special cable be-

longing to the German Government runs from Valentia to Emden, Germany. Branch cables and land lines place Heart's Content in instant communication with New York, Montreal, and other points. In America the Company

connects with the Western Union Telegraph Company, which controls about 21,000 offices and 780,000 miles of wire, besides working in unison with the South American and West Indian cable systems. Practically, the Anglo is in

direct communication with every part of the world. Besides its existing lines the Company has three main cables that are no longer worked. Before being finally abandoned they absorbed quite £2,000,000 in re-

pairs. The Anglo has always been managed with enterprise and success, for, despite heavy expenses and keen competition, its Reserve Fund once touched £1,000,000. It has never ceased to provide the shortest and quickest route to America, or failed to maintain its position as the pioneer and principal Atlantic Company.

The central point of the station is the cable office, with the operating room, where the work of transmission is performed; the testing room, where the delicate electrical operations involved in

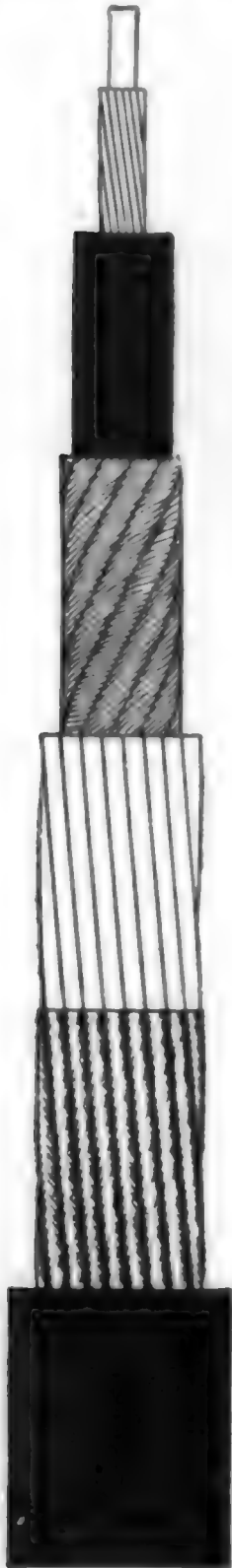


THE OPERATING ROOM

the maintenance and repair of the cables are effected; the mechanic's room, devoted to the inspection and repair of the various instruments and apparatus; and the battery room, containing five or six hundred cells. This cable office has

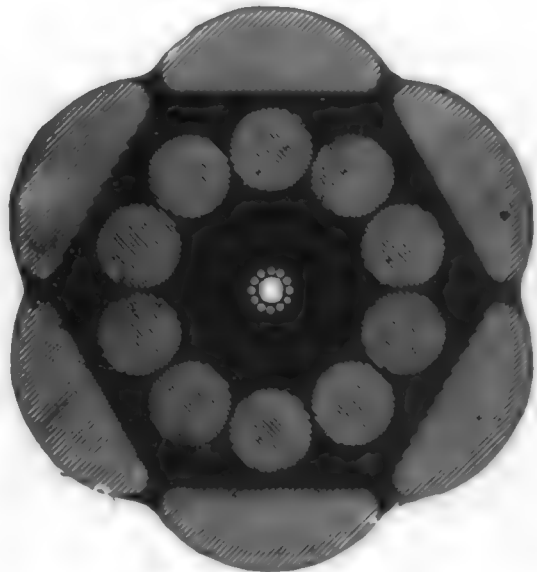
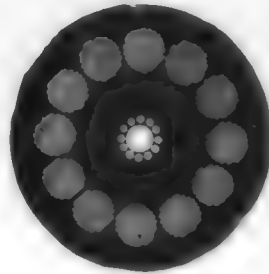
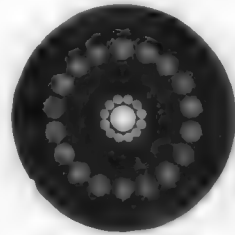
only been closed once in thirty years. Night and day communication has been kept up between the Old World and the New, and the recorders have rolled out

slightest defect, and every clerk is at his post. Little is heard beyond the buzz of the automatic transmitter, the click of the morse, and the sharp, metallic sound of the recorder "sending" keys, manipulated with bewildering rapidity. So expert are the operators that all messages are transmitted direct from the telegraphic signals without being transcribed. This



CABLE UNWRAPPED, SHOWING VARIOUS LAYERS

many thousands of miles of slip. When there is a "rush" the aspect of the place is vastly interesting. The manager is present, ever on the alert to remedy the



SECTIONS OF CABLE

"human relay" system ensures speed and accuracy, and the head of a message is often in London while its tail is still in New York. Even seconds are precious, and by systematic supervision the entire line is worked at maximum speed with a minimum of errors.

Formerly Lord Kelvin's mirror instrument was used. But this scientific

marvel had one fatal disadvantage—it left no trace of its work. Surpassing himself, he invented his famous siphon recorder. Its principal feature is a delicate glass siphon, about the thickness of an ordinary needle, crooked like a

cables are usually "clear" from six to ten, when the ordinary commercial traffic begins once more. The Anglo makes a feature of Stock Exchange work, a special cable being devoted thereto during the afternoon. Its offices being



THE "MINIA"

bent forefinger, which is so finely suspended that it moves to and fro in obedience to the impulse imparted to it by the distant operator. Thus it traces on a narrow slip of paper, kept running by clockwork, the mysterious signals which the operators translate with ease and rapidity. By means of Muirhead's duplex system—applied to all the cables—messages are transmitted both ways at the same time over the same cable. Moreover, the Company has long worked the automatic transmitter, which combines high speed with accuracy, thanks to the absolute uniformity of the signals. Cablists vary in skill as "senders," the majority being recognisable by their touch. Some men's signals come out beautifully, whilst others exasperate their correspondents by a light and shadowy style of transmission.

About midnight, the Anglo's busiest time, the New York business and press messages have already reached London. Later on comes traffic from the Far West, South America and the West Indies. Between four and five a.m. the London correspondents and the news agencies hand in their despatches for the American morning journals. These messages range in length from 200 to 5,000 and even 10,000 words. The

near the Stock Exchange in London, and in the New York Exchange building, such messages average twenty seconds in transmission. In London the brokers throw their messages through a pigeon-hole, where they are snapped up and flashed to New York long before the senders can return to their "market." In New York the system is curious and characteristic. Brokers roll their messages into

a ball, drop them down a flight of steps into the cable office, and—the Company does the rest. "Stocks" are generally brief:—

"E." 1210. kickshaw squib winkle.

This comical cablegram, in which "E" expresses both name and address, may represent a deal involving £100,000. In the evening the commercial, official, and other traffic pours in, keeping the cables busy till midnight. The Anglo, in common with all cable companies, suffers considerable loss through the use of code language, which has become universal. Here is a specimen phrase, chosen from among thousands; with unconscious humour the compiler presented a copy of his vocabulary to a prominent cable manager!

WYTAC. As there was only offered, which we have bought, we could not fill the whole of your order at limit. The best we can do for balance will be as follows subject to immediate reply.

This despatch would have cost 38s. But in code it could be sent 4,000 miles in ten minutes for 3s. Not only do senders thus skele-

tonise their messages, but they also invent some very extraordinary and even spurious words. To correct this abuse the Berne Telegraphic Administration has compiled an official vocabulary of 240,000 words, which may soon become compulsory for European messages. Whether this work is likely to attain the desired object may be judged by the following specimen message:—

CLYTUM, LONDON.

innexneris kleopompos langueycur
sviluppara obstitisti radijsaad

There are hundreds of code messages daily, and they must all be rushed through at literally lightning speed, so that cablists need sharp eyes and acute brains. Despite all difficulties, errors are comparatively rare, as an ingenious system of checking facilitates instant detection of any mistake.

This company's cables escape the damage caused in other latitudes by earthquakes, the tiny teredos, the saw-fish, and other enemies. But they are exposed to fractures by ships' anchors, icebergs, whales, constant friction on rocky ledges, and sometimes the grapnels of repairing steamers. Cables are becoming so numerous in the Atlantic, where they will soon form a criss-cross of lines, that it will be difficult to raise one without first raising, and sometimes breaking, several others. Repairing work is extremely expensive, owing to the great depths and the brief periods during which the sea is calm enough to permit the cable to be raised. Sometimes one is hooked and broken as many as thirty times before being finally raised. The Company has paid £50,000, £70,000, and even £90,000 for certain protracted repairing expeditions. Its cables, being laid in comparatively shallow water on the other side, are especially liable to fractures from fishing-vessels' anchors. Hence the repairing steamer *Minia* is stationed at Boston, prepared to put to sea at an hour's notice. The ship's maintenance represents a serious outlay, owing to the arduous and tech-

nical nature of the work, which necessitates a large and well-trained staff, capable of conducting operations amidst fogs, hurricanes, snow-storms, or icebergs. The repairing exploits of the *Minia* are legendary throughout the service, one hundred and twenty repairs having been effected without a single failure. Though the Company handles about 9,000,000 words per annum, its dividends are more than modest. They are paid on a capital of £7,000,000, a portion of which is sunk in abandoned cables, and the general expenses are very heavy. Such a station as Valentia yields no direct revenue; all the instruments and apparatus are costly, every portion of the plant must be kept in perfect order, and the latest developments in electrical science must be promptly adopted.

Many historical and curious messages have been flashed through these cables. The entire text of Disraeli's *Lothair* was cabled to New York. Another remarkable despatch was that sent by the American Government to Napoleon III. respecting the withdrawal of French troops from Mexican territory. This contained several thousand words. One of the first official messages sent was to

Atlantic Telegraph Company.

Valentia, Ireland

Received per the Atlantic Telegraph Company.

the following Message, this 17th day of
August 1858 *Tuesday*

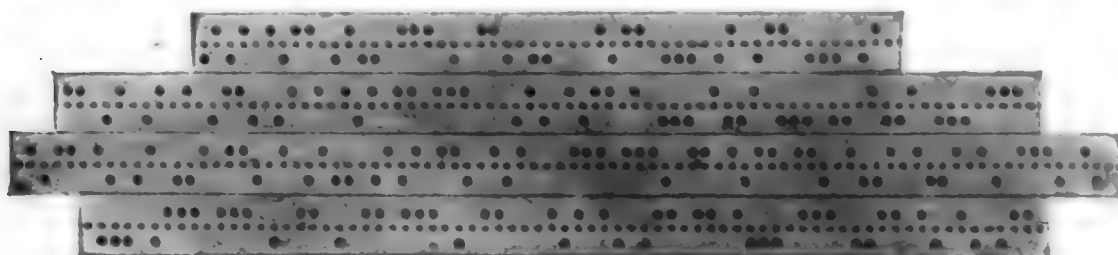
Commenced 12 56 P.M. Read by *Samuel*
Finished 1 21 *Phill*

*and Whitehouse Mr. Cameron
writes telegraph. Mr. Ives Europe
Collinson Arthur put into the
his lines look well you do it.
they are not now arrived
be ready*

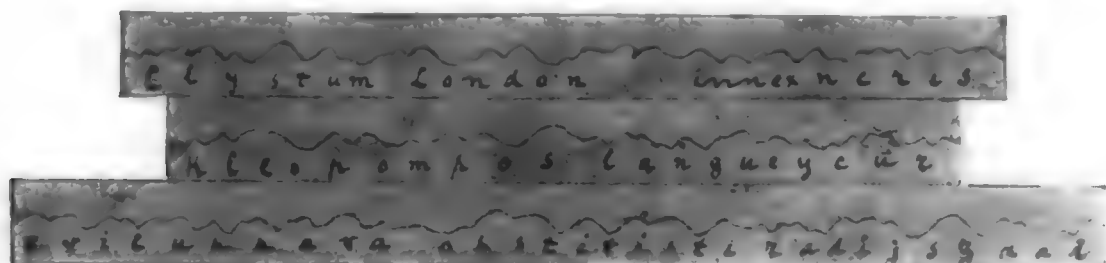
countermand a mailed order for the Sixty-second Regiment to return from Canada to England for service in India. The message, which may have cost £20, saved Britain £90,000. Criminals are arrested, newspapers edited, chess games played, weather reports and astronomical calculations checked, and every species of public and private business transacted secretly and rapidly by cable.

Operators work, on an average, eight hours a day or night. They work in brigades, generally, from mid-night to eight a.m., eight a.m. to four p.m., and

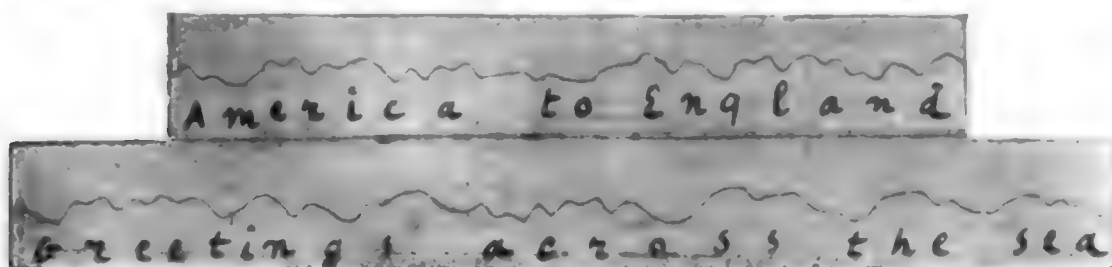
pleasures, and the cablists have so many advantages that the majority really enjoy this comfortable though quiet life. Indeed, the service generally offers a fine field for British telegraphists, who are to be found wherever cables are laid. They enjoy this roving life, with its opportunities for adventurous travel, novel experience, and rapid advancement. In '50 there was not a single submarine cable in existence. To-day, thanks mainly to the enterprise of the British, who have made of cable telegraphy a national speciality, there are about 1,390 cables, aggregating



CODE MESSAGE AS TRANSMITTED BY AUTOMATIC SIGNALS FROM VALENTIA



CODE MESSAGE AS RECEIVED IN RECORDER SIGNALS AT HEART'S CONTENT



A MESSAGE RECEIVED AT VALENTIA

four p.m. to mid-night. They are well paid and well treated: half of their insurance premiums are paid by the Company, and each man gets a yearly holiday on full pay. Off duty they enjoy perfect freedom, and are provided with ample facilities for all kinds of indoor and outdoor recreation. In the summer life here is very pleasant, Valentia being visited by many tourists attracted by the magnificent scenery and bold, picturesque views that abound along the coast. But in winter, when fogs, rain, and storms prevail, the general aspect is naturally less inviting. However, even this dull season brings its

161,385 miles, laid beneath the waters of the world. Nine-tenths of these were manufactured on the banks of the Thames. A capital of about £45,000,000, an army of 20,000 men, chiefly English, and a special fleet of forty ships are engaged in the business, and every important point of the globe is in direct communication with London, the controlling centre of the world's nervous system.

For the sections of cable illustrating this article we are indebted to Mr. George Tucker, of the *Electrician*, while the photographs of slip, &c., have been kindly furnished by the Anglo-American Telegraph Company.

Paris Statues.



II.—SHAKESPEARE



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

THE DEAD ADDER.



URGEON - COLONEL HEDFORD was much benefited by the breezes of Melton-on-Sea, notwithstanding his little spell of professional work during his stay there. He returned to Salchester in better health and with more vital energy than he had possessed since he first accepted the novel rôle of scientific detective which had been thrust upon him. His reserve of nervous force had been strongly supplemented by the comparatively quiet interval, and he was once more fit for anything that required a cool or normal brain and a steady, mental balance. These were exactly the factors that were most necessary in the duty which awaited him on his return. This duty announced itself the morning after his arrival. It stared him in the face from the agony column of *The Times*.

"Wanted, the heirs or relatives of John Archdale, late of the Indian Civil Service. Apply to F. A. Turner, Solicitor, 12, Duncairn Street, Salchester."

The advertisement was sufficiently vague. It might mean a great deal or nothing at all. It was, however, a coincidence that Hedford had met the late John Archdale when in India, and knew a little about him. That knowledge did not amount to much; to little more than that Archdale was a good administrator and an educated naturalist.

Also that he had by careful economy—and a certain method that officials sometimes acquire in remote stations of adding to their incomes without causing scandal—amassed a considerable fortune. If the advertisement had caught the eye of the specialist a fortnight earlier he might not have given it a second thought. Under his altered condition of health he opened his writing desk on the spot and wrote a hasty note to the solicitor, whom he knew, explaining his acquaintance with the dead man, and offering his services gratuitously. He might as well keep his hand in. Mr. Turner replied by return post, asking for an interview at his earliest convenience.

Surgeon - Colonel Hedford arrived punctually, as was usual with him, at 12, Duncairn Street. He was cordially received by the solicitor, a tall, keen-eyed, prominent-nosed, close-shaven man, of a countenance genial rather than legal, and of that presence and bearing which suggests the contented mind that is a continual feast. Turner's hair was white, but, like that of the prisoner of Chillon, it had not grown so in a single night as men's have done from sudden fears. It went that way in easy stages, and the face below the snowy skull-cap was still young, the sort of face that grows old slowly.

"Sit down, Colonel Hedford," the solicitor said, affably. "I am very glad to see you. Indeed, you are the very man I want in the difficult case that has just been entrusted to me——"

"Difficult!" Hedford interposed. "I

have been accustomed latterly to cases of difficulty. But, if you will excuse me, I cannot see any element of difficulty in this. The man died. You want to find his heirs?"

"That is not all," Turner said in a somewhat melodramatic voice. "I want to know how he died as well. It might mean as much to me as the finding of the heirs."

"'Natural causes,' according to the

both as a rule forestall the public in that direction. But to waive the point, do you recognise this photograph?"

"I do," Hedford answered readily. "It is the photograph of Henry Morewood, Archdale's secretary. Do you know him?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of him?"

"I think," the solicitor said with asperity, "that he has the manners of a



"DO YOU RECOGNISE THE PHOTOGRAPH?"

verdict. I see from this report that the death was sudden. There was an inquest."

"Oh, yes! There was an inquest and that was the verdict. But we don't rely much on it. Coroner's juries have been somewhat discredited latterly——"

"Pardon me," Hedford put in; "they have not been discredited latterly. That would be impossible."

"I accept the correction," Turner said good-humouredly. "It would no doubt be impossible to discredit an average coroner or his jury, considering that they

cad, and the countenance of a cut-throat."

"I am sorry to differ with you again," Hedford replied in a quiet voice. "But I think you're rather hard—upon the cut-throat!"

Turner laughed unaffectedly. The joke emphasised his own point of view. A joke must be unconscionably dull when it fails to amuse a man under those circumstances. It was, however, with a very serious air that the solicitor leant forward in his chair, and placing his hand on Hedford's knee said in a

whisper: "Have you any idea what Archdale died worth?"

"None whatever."

"Well, he died worth £40,000, and if his heirs, exors., admors., &c.—you know the rhyme—cannot be discovered this money goes to Morewood. Archdale was so long abroad that we can find neither kith nor kin."

"By the way," Hedford interrupted, "why do you want to find these heirs-at-law? I mean, what is your share in the matter? Who has retained you?"

"Archdale!"

"The man himself?"

"Yes; read that!"

It was a letter from Archdale to Turner. It mentioned the writer's infirm health, his expectation of an early death, his disposition of his property, viz.:—Morewood to inherit if a blood relation could not be discovered within twelve months of the writer's death, and it concluded with an extraordinarily urgent petition for zealous search. It seemed as if the testator had made his will under compulsion, and was anxious at the last moment to stultify its provisions. Hedford compared the date of the letter with that of the journal containing the account of the inquest, and said to the solicitor:

"Archdale must have died very soon after writing to you?"

"He died within an hour."

"And Morewood! what has he done? Anything suspicious?"

"Quite the contrary. He found the body, informed the police, gave excellent evidence, and was complimented by the Coroner."

Hedford at this point in the conversation arose, walked leisurely and somewhat noisily to the door of the private room and looked out. He saw nothing suspicious, and did not shut the door carefully. This was unusual with him, for in important consultations he always closed the door or doors of the room with as much caution as if he expected to be besieged. He let this one slam too carelessly. He had not therefore quite recovered his professional exactness—or his mind may have been otherwise engaged.

A long consultation followed, and when it was over Turner placed a carefully-drawn statement of the circumstances connected with Archdale's death in Colonel Hedford's hands. The

specialist left with a promise to communicate his opinion thereon at the earliest moment. He walked along the street at a quick pace until he found a cab; hailing this he drove straight home, and on his arrival there retired to the room which was his study, laboratory, and detective-office all in one, and at once commenced the perusal of Turner's brief.

Colonel Hedford had barely got through the introduction to this weighty document when Chundra Dass knocked at the door and entered the room.

"Stranger, sahib——"

"Not at home!"

"Sahib says you will see him when you know that his name is——"

"Henry Morewood," said a voice at the door. The man must have followed the Hindoo servant from the hall.

The action in itself was impertinent, and there was in addition an ugly leer of unwelcome familiarity on Morewood's repulsive face, and an insolent ring in his voice, which could hardly be agreeable to the master of any house into which they were intruded. The master of this particular house was not accustomed to suffer insolence at home or elsewhere. He arose and faced his visitor, saying, sharply:

"I regret I am engaged." To Chundra Dass, "See this gentleman out."

"Not yet, please," Morewood said, coolly, to the servant. "I must have a talk with your master first. I wish to speak to you, sir, about the affairs of the late John Archdale, which I understand are interesting you at present."

This was rather embarrassing, but Hedford kept his countenance. He did not move a muscle as he answered: "You make a slight dialectical error. The affairs of the late John Archdale are not interesting me—they are only occupying me. You are quite welcome to the admission."

"The more especially, I presume, as I was already acquainted with its tenor." The man sat down uninvited, drew a cigar from his case—Hedford was smoking—lighted it, crossed his legs, and lay back in the chair. Hedford watched him sharply to judge, if possible, if his coolness was real or mere bravado. It appeared to be altogether real. There seemed to be nothing sham about it. There was nothing artificial either about his face. It was frankly brutal.

"Now about that brief of yours!" Morewood nodded at the bundle of paper which Hedford had thrown on a side table, and in spite of himself the veteran winced. He did so visibly. Morewood noticed this, and paused to allow the point he had made to achieve its full effect. Meantime the "old hand" thought fast.

"About that brief of yours! Perhaps if you took me into your confidence you would get on faster with it."

"I do not intend to do so," Hedford answered quietly; "so we need not discuss the subject further. If, however, you have any information you wish to—dispose of—I might be able to treat with you. This of course is unlikely considering that the *status quo* is entirely in your favour." Morewood, he thought, was "bluffing," and in consequence it would be a fatal mistake to give way too easily, although any assistance that could be wrung out of him was desirable.

"You know a great deal about it," Morewood sneered.

"Pardon me," Hedford said imperturbably, "you are again—dialectically—in error. I know little or nothing about it at present, but I shall know a good deal more about it before long, and about you."

"I doubt that."

"We shall see."

"The reason I doubt is this," Morewood said as he arose: "My knowledge of your own actions and purposes,

which, as you may have observed, is considerable, is not gained through the usual backstairs detective methods with which you, I understand, are familiar, but by the new super-scientific process of which you must have heard."

"Very singular," Hedford put in



"HENRY MOREWOOD," SAID A VOICE AT THE DOOR

courteously. "Premising that I am of the opinion that there is no super-scientific process, may I ask what is the particular form of dementia to which you allude?"

"You mean, how I gained my knowledge of your motives as well as of your actions so far as they were influenced by me or influenced me?"

"Precisely!"

"Telepathy!"

"This is really most interesting,"

Hedford said blandly, "for prior to your explanation I distinctly attributed your knowledge and subsequent action to information received from a clerk of Turner's, who I am aware listened to the beginning of our consultation."

"Then you will find before you are through with this job that I have not been to the East for nothing, and that I happen to know a few things outside the philosophy of solicitor Turner himself, not to speak of his confidential clerk. Once for all, do you decline my assistance? It will not be offered again."

"I am afraid I am obliged to decline your assistance." This with studied courtesy.

"Might I ask—merely from idle curiosity—your reasons?"

"I would much prefer not to give them. They might give offence."

"Permit me to insist."

"Well, if you insist, I decline your help owing to your foolish pretence to super-scientific powers—in short, on the ground that I consider you an ignorant and insolent charlatan. Be careful about the steps. There are three. Chundra Dass will light you down the main staircase."

Hedford rang an electric bell. His visitor laughed an unpleasant and partly triumphant ha! ha! as he went down the stairs. The laugh had an evil ring in it. It was the laugh of a courageous rascal.

"So I have a bold knave to deal with this time," the toxicologist said thoughtfully as he selected a fresh cigar. "But there is always a way out of the wood which the boldest knave plants. And this is only a clumsy woodman. He has no eye for perspective. He forgets the most salient point of view."

This was all very well. But the problem Turner had stated was not much furthered by such optimistic reflections as the man who made them was inclined to admit when he had finished his brief.

Next morning Surgeon-Colonel Hedford proceeded with renewed vigour in the pursuit of his new mission. He had first an interview with ex-detective Trowbrigg, whom he summoned by telegraph from town, and set to work.

Then he called on Turner, to whom he only conveyed that he had seen the man, Morewood.

"And you got precious little out of him, I'll be bound," the burly solicitor said with emphasis.

"Not much, indeed, but I shall get more this evening. Where does he live?"

Turner rang a bell. His confidential clerk answered it.

"What is Mr. Henry Morewood's address? You know it, don't you?"

The question was entirely candid. Turner noticed nothing, but Hedford observed that the confidential clerk paled slightly and stammered as he answered: "I can find out, sir."

"Find the deuce. I thought you were a friend of his."

Hedford looked out of the window. A couple of swallows were twittering and chattering together on an eave opposite, and resting after their long day's flight over green meadows and well-kept gardens, whence they swung upward when the atmosphere changed for great stretches through the azure sky. To a man of any science all science is interesting. All branches cannot, of course, be pursued simultaneously with profit; for each, be it the humblest, demands the concentration of the whole of the mortal span. Hedford was a physiologist. Ornithology, however, was interesting—for three-quarters of a minute. This short period of time was sufficient for the confidential clerk to recover confidence. That was what Colonel Hedford wanted.

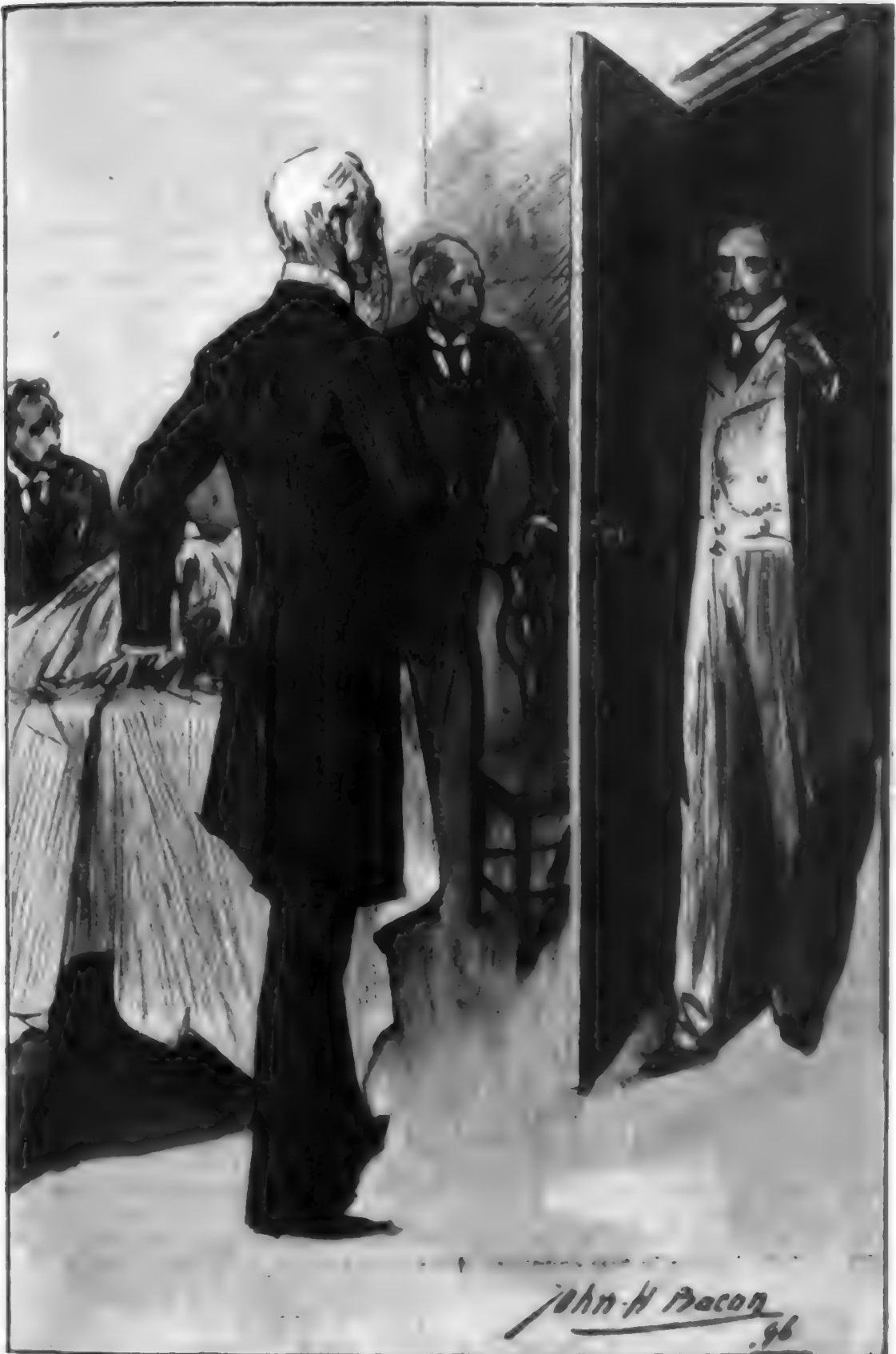
"No, sir—that is not to any extent," the confidential clerk stammered.

"O, very well, it does not matter. You can go."

When the clerk had left the room the solicitor asked: "What shall we do now? We can easily get the address, but what are you going to do with it?"

"It depends entirely on how far you are interested. If you are only slightly interested I should advise the immediate withdrawal of your advertisements."

"The truth is—I am interested to the amount of a thousand pounds. That amount would not make or break the Bank of England, but it would be a substantial item in my year's income. In fact, I want it very badly. The offer was made in a second letter which reached me simultaneously with the



"HENRY MOREWOOD STOOD THERE"

first. I would have shown it to you if I had thought it mattered."

"It does not really matter. I think if I were in your place I would—what do you call it?—set the law in motion."

"Bother the law, I am not going to

live a thousand years!" this very candid lawyer exclaimed.

Then you wish to proceed, as it were informally; that is, you wish me to act according to my own methods."

"Certainly!" The solicitor arose and

shook the specialist's hand warmly. "What do you propose?"

"The first thing I propose to do," Hedford said quietly but directly, "is privately to exhume the body. You must be present at this, and if any prosecution should follow—for this Morewood is a cunning rascal—you must appear as sole defendant."

"God bless me, Colonel Hedford, that is a strange way of tracing Archdale's heirs."

"I do not propose to trace his heirs; that can only be done by your advertisements, or by other hands than mine."

"And may I ask whom do you hope to trace by exhuming the body?"

"I hope to trace its murderer; which may serve your purpose as well as the tracing of its heirs."

The solicitor reflected for some minutes, and then said in a hesitating voice: "You wish to be clear of all risk, and you wish me to be the sole defendant?"

"By no means," Hedford interrupted, rising; "I have no wish whatever in the matter. I think you would be extremely ill-advised to take any risk, unless you think it might be worth your while."

"Can you guarantee——?"

"I guarantee nothing. This is our position. I am a specialist in poisons, more especially in eastern poisons. I am inclined to think from the facts connected with the death of this man Archdale that he has been murdered by Morewood. As there were no wounds or marks of violence on the body I naturally suspect that the victim was poisoned. I also suspect that the poison was no ordinary one, or the symptoms could not possibly have escaped the doctor who was examined at the inquest; and, lastly, as Archdale and Morewood were well-known naturalists and botanists in India, I suspect that the agent used is, I have said, unknown or only partially known in this country. I consider, however, that I have at least as much knowledge of eastern poisons as either of these men could claim. If I had the body I would very soon inform you what it died of. That would be the first step."

"And the second?"

"Depends upon the result of the first. I must wish you good-day. If you care to bring the body to your own house on Thursday night—say by eleven

o'clock—I can undertake to get through in time for you to bury it again before daybreak, although the nights now are short. Send me a note before eight o'clock to-morrow, otherwise——"

"Otherwise?"

"I shall consider the matter at an end, and decline to take it up again."

Turner considered a minute and then said: "I think I see my way. Besides, I myself have a score to pay Morewood, and I would like to pay it liberally. I shall bring—I shall bring it."

"Very good," Hedford replied. "I shall expect you—and it."

Several days had to elapse before the appointment would be due. Trowbrigg worked hard during the interval.

When the patient, and, to the lay mind, loathsome examination was over, Hedford laid down his surgeon's knives and put away the antiseptics in readiness in case of accident, and locked up his numerous tubes and other professional paraphernalia. Turner watched these preparations with a white, drawn face. Two bearers, as they might be called, snored peacefully on comfortable sofas which had been thoughtfully provided for the repose of their gin-sodden carcasses. Trowbrigg was also there, as mysterious-looking as usual. The persons who have been indicated were the only occupants of the room in addition to the cut-up thing upon the table.

"What is it?" Turner asked hoarsely. "I would not go through this again for ten thousand, much less one. What was the poison?"

"That's just what bothers me at the moment," Hedford answered; "there is no trace of poison in the body."

"I thought not!"

The door had been opened unobserved. Henry Morewood stood by it, with the handle in his hand. His mocking laugh would have done violence to the artistic sense of an Adelphi villain. Hedford remembered it well.

"I thought not, Colonel Hedford, although you thought there would be. Another case of coincidence! No super-scientific process here! Simply the information of an eaves-dropping lawyer's clerk!"

The eaves-dropping clerk has evidently done his work as well as I could have wished," Hedford answered, without

moving a muscle. Turner stared open-mouthed. The bearers fell sleepily off their sofas, struggled to their feet, sat down again and gaped. Trowbrigg never stirred. The clock ticked audibly. It almost sounded harshly. Morewood began again :

"The clerk has good ears to hear through a closed oaken door."

"A partially closed door. I partially unclosed it."

"And this man's servant mistook me for a Maharajah——"

"By my direction."

Morewood seized a chair and sat down heavily. He was in a highly nervous condition, and it escaped him that he had not mentioned to Hedford which Maharajah he had personated when he was so obligingly conducted to the operating-room. The man was really a charlatan, as Hedford had called him, but he partly believed in his own empiricism. Besides, he had a card in reserve that would serve him well even if this grey-moustached specialist actually possessed the telepathic power to which he himself had pretended so long that he had almost grown to believe in it. He recovered himself in a moment, and, rising from his chair, played his last card—his last but one.

"You are still convinced that that man—was poisoned?"

"I am inclined to think so," Hedford answered.

"In spite of the fact that you have found no trace?"

Hedford bowed.

"I suppose you have a theory—as usual?"

"I have formed one."

"If I tell you correctly what your theory is, will you be so good as not to ascribe it to the information of this gentleman's confidential clerk." He nodded towards Turner contemptuously.

"I will be so good."



"SPRANG UPON MOREWOOD"

"Then your theory is——" (he was about to take a bold step, and he paused) "your theory is that Archdale died from the hypodermic injection of the dried venom of snake poison."

"Of that of the death adder," Hedford agreed.

"I was about to say that."

"I expected you would."

"Thank you. For what reason?"

"Because you administered it yourself." To the "bearers": "Seize him! More of it will probably be found upon him."

The "bearers," willing for any riot, sprang upon Morewood, and pinned him against the wall.

"Bah! my good Colonel, tell your rascals to take their fingers from my throat—they are not light-fingered gentry by any means—and I will tell you something you little suspect."

"Unloose him, but see that he does not break out or draw a weapon," Hedford commanded. The men obeyed. Morewood breathed more freely when their hands were off his throat.

"Archdale died from the effects of the dried venom of the death adder, as you have correctly diagnosed. But it was self-administered. Read that: I offered it to you before, but you would not treat with me."

He threw a paper towards the table. It fell upon the *thing* that was upon it. Morewood went white for a second, but instantly recovered his countenance.

Colonel Hedford picked up the paper, and read aloud:

"I am tired of life, and have decided to have done with it. At the same time, I do not wish that the stigma of an ancestral or relative suicide should rest on any of my people, if they can be found. I shall, therefore, inoculate myself with snake poison, which leaves no trace in the body, and so save them this so-called disgrace.—(Signed) John Archdale."

"Ha! ha!" Morewood laughed. "So my very learned specialist and detective-toxicologist, &c., that is all, and it isn't very much!"

Trowbrigg had taken no part

hitherto against Morewood, but he had faced round during this conversation, and was now watching him intently. The fiasco appeared to be over, and nothing apparently remained but to re-bury the dead and hush up the scandal, when the ex-detective sprang to his feet and burst out—

"No, it is not all. There is some more. Your name is not Henry Morewood, nor yet Thompson as I thought. I have been on the wrong track, Colonel Hedford, altogether wrong. This man's name is Sam Clark. He is wanted for the Ripple Hill murder these ten years. I know him now. I will be responsible for his arrest."

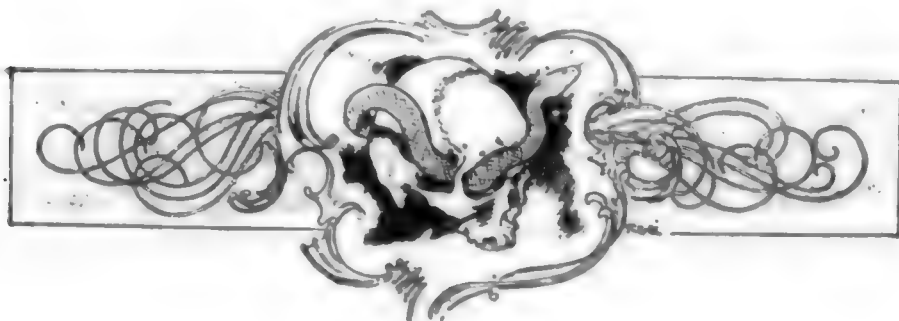
"Wait," Hedford cried out. "There is something on the back of this paper. I see some faint tracings on the other side. Let's make them plainer." He splashed some chemical over the sheet, and the lines were soon faintly legible. He read aloud:—

"Morewood has compelled me to do this, and also to make my will in his favour. The mysterious process by which he has contrived to achieve my complete mental subjugation I have not time to tell. I have written this in the only way in which it could pass his eye, and in the hope that some one will decipher it. Knowing that he was gradually gaining this terrible hold over me, I wrote to a solicitor named Turner——"

The writing ended there.

"Take hold of him!" Hedford shouted. Morewood waved them off. He had a hypodermic needle in his right hand. With this he pricked a vein in his left arm. Bowing to Hedford, he said with his diabolical and defiant laugh:

"The death adder!"



The Memoirs of William Sykes, Jun.

SOMETIME OF HOLLOWAY.



"BLIMEY, IF IT WEREN'T A COPPER!"

"So," says 'Enery, "I don't see no yoise in these 'ere fogs."

"Ho!" says I. "Doncher? Hi do. The next as comes along, I tikes—
and chawnce it."

So I tikes the next, and darns 'im with a kick in the bend of 'is knee.

And, blimey, if it weren't a copper! So thet were artside fur me agen.
Them fogs is too much of a speccylition fur my tyste.

"My First Appearance."

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

III.—MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

HERR JULIUS BEERBOHM was a proud man on a morning in the year 1853. A son and heir had been born to the worthy merchant—the merchant who, crossing to London from the Baltic, where his father before him had done great things as timber trader, commenced a remarkably successful career as grain merchant. The subject of this sketch was sent across to the Continent to school, at Schnepfeuthal. I do not know whether he distinguished himself very much as scholar; but it is certain—unromantic though it may sound—that in order to avoid being "pressed" for service in the German armies against France, he came to London and entered his father's office in 1870.

"O, yes," said Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in reply to my questioning, "I joined one of the many amateur dramatic societies; it was called 'The Irrationals,' and as one of its members

I did a great deal of work of a sort—of a sort varied enough in all conscience. And I don't deny that as an amateur I gained considerable experience."

"But when did the real thing happen? I insisted.—"Not until 1878: and in what character, of all characters, do you think? As Grimaldi! It was at the Globe Theatre, at a *matinée*, and the success achieved was sufficient to induce me to adopt the profession."

I remarked that it sounded not a little singular to hear the Svengali and Falstaff of to-day describing his First Stage Appearance as having been made in the character of Grimaldi.

"Not more strange, perhaps," he suggested, with a smile, "than for the public who may read this interview to be reminded that my two first genuine, or 'big,' successes were made as the Reverend Robert Spalding in *The Private Secretary*, and as Macari, the spy, in *Called Back*—both created by myself. Not that I have played so very many villains, you know."

As for what is and what is not "Art," Mr. Tree is, and has been ever since his "First Appearance," de-

cided and explicit. As an actor, he does not believe in the efficacy of symbolism. He expressed this thought to me so happily and so forcibly that I here



MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE

venture to reproduce his exact words: "To symbolise is the work of the commentator, not of the artist—and the one frequently lacks the imagination with which the other is gifted. The artist must get his effect at all cost. Whether the amphitryon subscribe to letters, art, the stage, or politics, this must be the case. Perhaps the story of Mr. Frank Holl and the Bishop illustrates best the difficulty that will beset the artist when striving for the effect which he feels positive is lurking in the vicinity, but which is still unattained. His sitter heard Mr. Holl using certain striking words. 'I wish you would not use such language,' quoth the Bishop. 'I am not swearing at your lordship,' replied the painter, aggrievedly, but at this d——d picture.' And when it comes, this long-looked-for effect, if it is going to be a masterpiece, comes simply, solidly, with no blare of trumpets, no mere aids to effectiveness. For have not the most tuneful poems ever penned, the finest pictures ever painted, the greatest inventions ever given to the world, been distinguished by this quality of simplicity? One notices the very same characteristics overshadowing the lives of great men. But the gift of thinking with the author whose imagina-

tive work is unfolded before you—thinking with him in every phase of thought and every direction in which he wills that you should follow him—is indisputably essential to a right interpretation of the whole."

Thus encouraged (and entirely forgetful, I fear, of that First Appearance), I asked Mr. Tree what he thought upon the question of the moral and the immoral in stage art. He replied, with equal clearness: "You can no more assert that (for instance), Ibsen's tendency is not 'good' than you can seriously say that the tendency of Greek tragedy is improper. It is terrible, if you like—so is Ibsen sometimes. The bent of him can be so lofty as to irritate the mind of the average spectator. 'I am a poet,' says Ibsen's countryman Bjornson, 'not because I write verse—so many people can do that—but because all that concerns humanity concerns me.' Bjornson says what the greater poet has been saying all his life. 'All that concerns humanity' is the comprehensive 'all' that concerns Ibsen."

It may be added, in conclusion, that Mr. Beerbohm Tree is the only actor who has been privileged to lecture before the Royal Institution.



The Cost of Criminal Relics.

By FRANK BANFIELD.

SOME short time ago there appeared in the columns of the daily papers paragraphs referring to the intended purchase by Madame Tussaud's of the lantern which played so important a part in the discovery of the perpetrators of the Muswell Hill murder. Forty pounds was said to have been offered for the relic by the proprietors of the mammoth waxwork exhibition, while fabulous sums were reported to have been asked for the original manuscript of Milsom's more or less mendacious but still picturesque confession. I read the paragraphs with the same interest as the rest of the public, for, since the beard of Gengulphus turned King's evidence, never has crime been more dramatically tripped up. It was satisfactory reading, and prompted

one to endorse anew the ancient sentiment which the late Mr. Barham rendered thus:
For cut-throats, we're sure, can be never secure,

*And "History's Muse" still to prove it
her pen holds,*

*As you'll see if you look in a rather scarce
book,*

*"God's Revenge against Murder," by
one Mr. Reynolds.*

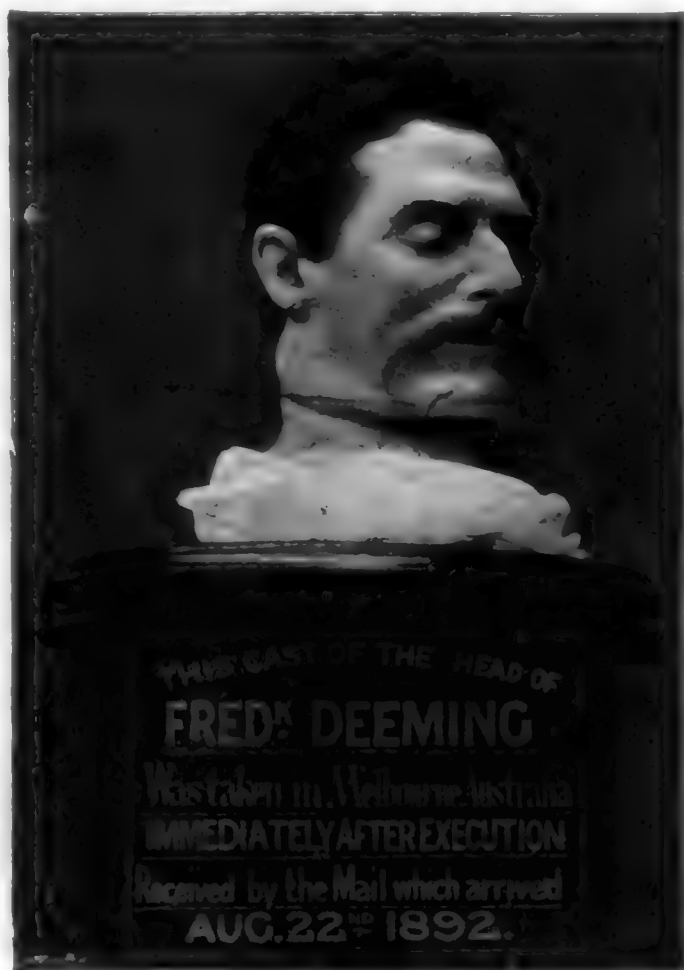
Then it occurred to me that Madame Tussaud's might be able and willing to supply some interesting information as to the cash value of criminal relics, and further, that a morning spent in the Chamber of Horrors would bring home to one more vividly the popular passion for mementoes of criminals. The officials

of Madame Tussaud's very courteously aided me to the best of their ability, and my facts, such as they are, have the sanction of their imprimatur.

It must be borne in mind that the commercial value of their slender possessions is well understood by the defendants in a sensational criminal trial. At least, their legal advisers are not likely to let them remain oblivious of their queer and more or less posthumous assets. Moreover, certain recent

purchases made by Messrs. Tussaud have been calculated to impress the imagination of criminals, their friends and creditors.

For example, the kitchen of Dinham Villa, Rainhill, cost the firm something like £700. That was the scene, it will be remembered, of one of Deeming's most atrocious murders. The bringing of this relic to London was a very smart



DEEMING AFTER DEATH
From a photograph by E. J. Poyser

piece of work. It weighed about six or seven tons, the weight of it materially damaging the frame of the pantechuicon in which it was confined. Madame Tussaud's representative went down to Rainhill, outbid the other competing showmen, started for home in a special train on Saturday with his prize, and on Monday had it in the Chamber of Horrors in time for thousands of Bank

produced in every detail. There is the little table at which the wife and the mistress sat, just under the window, of which two panes of glass were smashed in the struggle following Mrs. Pearcey's murderous assault with the poker. For this window-frame Madame Tussaud's paid £10 to the landlord of Mrs. Pearcey's house. The kitchen table, mousetrap, crockery, and so on, were all purchased



MRS. PEARCEY'S PERAMBULATOR
From a photograph by E. J. Pysar

Holiday visitors to enjoy the pleasure of feeling their flesh creep. It is the framework for a portrait-model of Deeming, who stands leaning on his spade in his shirt-sleeves, resting a moment from the labour of preparing a burying-place for the bodies of his murdered wife and children.

A great deal of money, too, was laid out on relics associated with the murderess Mrs. Pearcey, and the victims Mrs. Hogg and her baby. The kitchen in which the crime was perpetrated is re-

from the murderess, through an intermediary, at a cost of £250. Behind a chair, in this realistic rendering of the scene of a squalid tragedy, stands Mrs. Pearcey in wax. Viewed in a dim light, the picture is more vivid and striking, perhaps, than when the rays of the sun betray the wax mimicry of life.

The perambulator in which the bodies of the baby and Mrs. Hogg were wheeled to St. John's Wood was purchased from the woman's husband for £60, and is a curious feature of the show. One wonders

how the murderess managed to pack the two bodies into so scanty a space. Mr. Hogg not only figured in the commercial transaction connected with the perambulator, but he gave a sitting for his own portrait model. He is, of course, not to be found in the Chamber of Horrors. He is among the celebrities on the ground floor, and in a group with his wife and child, over whom he bends in an attitude of graceful and dignified protection. His next neighbour is the famous author of "Lead, kindly Light," the late Cardinal Newman. Mr. Hogg's waxwork double is of special fascination, because the hair of the beard with which it is adorned once grew in the widower's face. Just after the trial he felt that it would be desirable that his identification should not be too easy for the casual wayfarer, so he determined to shave completely. It was an incident comparable to that memorable scene in *Vanity Fair*, when Jos Sedley shouted "Coupez-moi, Isidor, vite! Coupez-moi." Mr. Hogg, as luck would have it, went to the perruquier of Madame Tussaud's, and that shrewd gentleman saw the value of the beard, and conveyed every scrap of it to his employers, who had each hair inserted in its proper place in the face and chin of the image of Mr. Hogg, which they possess. I know no more quaint story of a shorn beard since that of Gengulphus. Everybody is aware that in disposing of the saint's remains, his widow and her paramour made a beginning with the beard.

*But first the long beard from the chin
they shear'd,*

*And managed to stuff that sanctified
hair,*

*With a good deal of pushing, all into
the cushion*

*That fill'd up the seat of a large
arm-chair.*

Leaving the Pearcey relics, I now come to those connected with the tragedy of Florence Dennis. The sofa on which the murdered girl slept on her last earthly night is in the Chamber of Horrors. It was purchased from the Ayres family for five pounds. In a corner somewhat retired by himself is James Canham Read, the Southend murderer. He is seated at a desk, writing, and is dressed in the suit he wore at the trial. This suit he himself sold to Madame Tussaud's for £100

while his case was proceeding. As there are a good many people who would like to read the exact terms of the contract of sale, which bears at its foot the signature "J. C. Read" in a firm, clerkly hand, I made a copy of it by Mr. Tussaud's permission. Here it is:

"In consideration of the sum of one hundred pounds (£100), this day paid to me or my agents by Madame Tussaud and Sons, Limited, of the Marylebone Road, London, the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge, I consent to the company inserting in their Exhibition a portrait model of myself in wax, and I agree to furnish them with a suit of my clothes which I ordinarily wear to be placed upon such figure, and to be their absolute property should I receive them from the police authorities, in whose possession they all are. I further agree that I will give the Company and their representatives every reasonable facility for producing my portrait model with the least possible delay, and to furnish them with photographs of myself. I undertake that I will not consent or be in any way a party to a portrait model of myself being exhibited by any other Company, firm, or person in Great Britain; and if any Company, firm, or person shall exhibit or attempt to exhibit any portrait model, this shall be a sufficient authority to Madame Tussaud and Sons, Limited, to take such proceedings in my name and at their expense, as they think desirable, in order to prevent such unauthorised exhibition. Provided always, and my consent is given upon the express condition, that the above portrait model shall not be exhibited in the Chamber of Horrors or in juxtaposition to the portrait model of any criminal, and that no handbill, placard, or notice of the Company's Exhibition in the advertisement columns of the Press or elsewhere shall contain the words 'by permission,' or other words calculated to lead the public to suppose that I was a party to the contract hereby made.

"(Signed) J. C. READ.

"29/8/94."

Among Read's first callers, when he was installed in the Chamber of Horrors, so the commissionaire on duty told me, was a man he had wronged. That gentleman expressed much admiration for the exactitude of the likeness to his

former acquaintance. It is curious to learn in this connection that those who have been intimately associated with the originals of the wax-occupants of the Chamber of Horrors rather feel aggrieved if they are not admitted gratis to view their old friends.

Another interesting corner shows the scene of the Grafton Street Tragedy, where Stevens, the cab-proprietor, was

over Stevens at the top, to Madame Tussaud's for £100.

Passing from the more modern murderers, I now come to the Mannings, who, like Deeming at a later period, tried to conceal their victim, O'Connor, under the hearthstone in their kitchen. They were a prosperous-looking, portly pair, and Mrs. Manning is for ever interesting to ladies, because, from the date of her



THE GRAFTON STREET TRUNK

From a photograph by E. J. Poyser

killed, and then neatly packed in a large black trunk. According to the commissioner, who was my very courteous and ready informant, Stevens weighed sixteen stone, and he is of opinion that Marie Hermann, the woman who killed him, turned the trunk over on its side and then rolled the man in. She is now undergoing a term of penal servitude; but before her sentence she sold the trunk with its genuine bloodsplash and the piece of carpet, which she spread

trial with her husband in October, 1849, satin went out of fashion. Mrs. Manning, as most folk know, appeared at the Old Bailey wearing a dress of that material. Similarly in James I.'s reign a prisoner, Mrs. Turner, changed a fashion by getting hanged at Tyburn in a ruff stiffened by yellow starch. Madame Tussaud's purchased for fifty pounds from the pawnbrokers with whom they had been pledged, the pistols and the crowbar which the Mannings used to

kill O'Connor. More interesting to me was the original manuscript of a poem to the prison bell, which Manning composed while awaiting execution. I give the first of three stanzas neatly written on an outline drawing of a bell:

'Twas night, and through my lonely cell

*The pale moon's playful shadows fell
So bright; I dreamt that all on earth
Was changed once more to smiles and mirth:*

That tears were fled and sighs were flown,

*And so were all the griefs I'd known;
I woke, alas! and through that cell
There echoed still the prison-bell.*

There is pathos in this literary effort, a pathos which repeats itself in a notable artistic performance of the late Charles

who was executed on May 2, 1837, cut up Harriet Brown. He then concealed the fragments in different parts of London. It was this treasure, costing Madame Tussaud's a large sum, which put "A Lay of St. Gengulphus" in my head. This is the stanza which from that moment followed me all about the Chamber of Horrors:

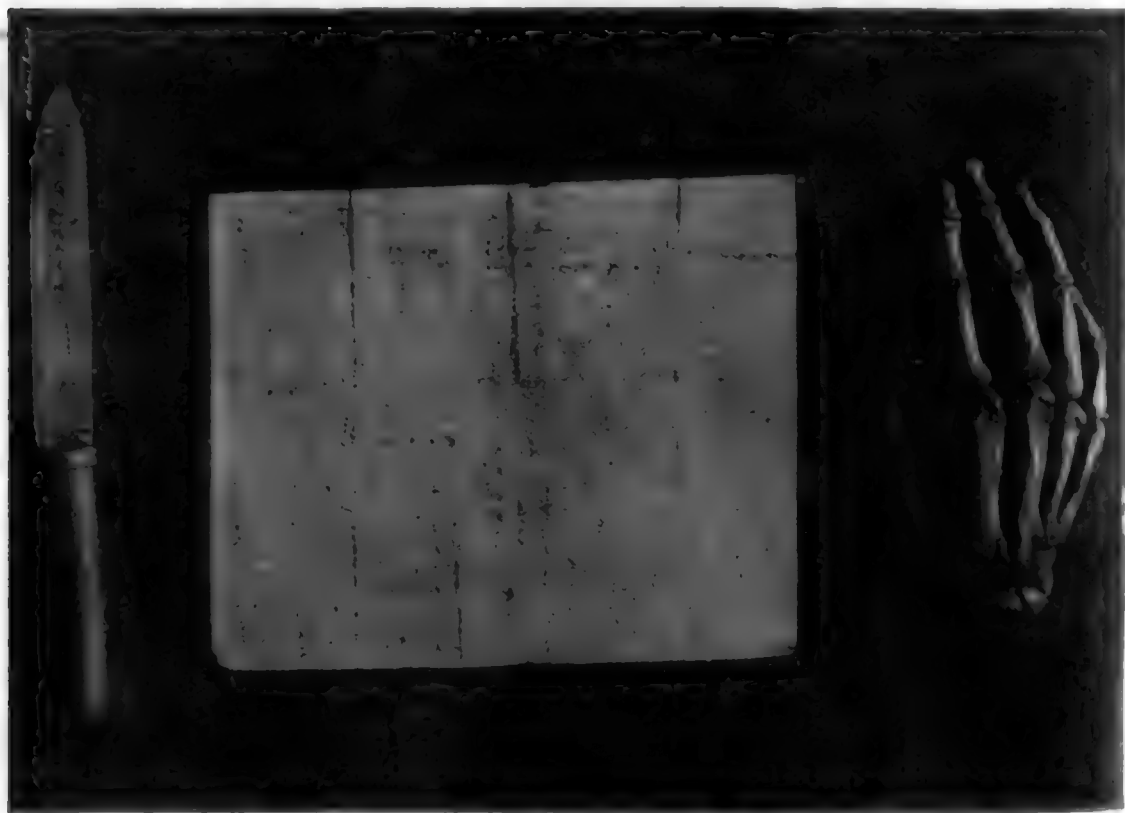
They contrived to pack up the trunk in a sack

Which they hid in an osier bed outside the town,

The clerk bearing arms, legs and all on his back,

As that vile Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown.

Space will not permit me, or I would tell of Palmer's case of poisons, Peace's life-preserver, Jenkins's walking-stick,



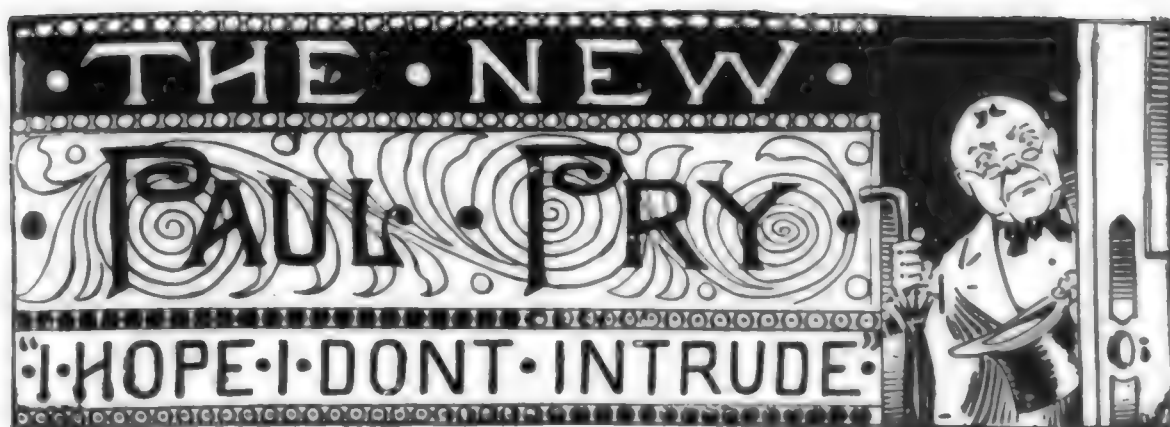
GREENACRE'S KNIFE, SKELETON HAND, AND A DECOY LETTER

From a photograph by E. J. Poyser

Peace. In his leisure moments that most business-like of burglars designed a model of the sepulchral monument which he desired to have raised in stone over his tomb. It is Gothic in idea, and is adorned with a number of angels.

Among the other relics I came across the knife with which James Greenacre,

Mrs. Dyer's manuscript confession, and of many another relic. As a rule, the prices range from ten to fifty pounds, and a Deeming or a Pearcey is, luckily, not an every-day criminal, and so, such an outlay as that on Dinham Villa is not to be rashly taken by the friends of the average murderer as a standard.



THE GROUSE POACHER AND HIS CONFEDERATES.

THE POULTERER.

THREE — but was it not four or five years ago?—the Twelfth of August was dripping wet all over England. North of Perth, according to the telegrams, there was a little sunshine, but the Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Welsh moors were drenched and foggy. An extravagant friend had asked me to lunch at a West End restaurant and nothing would serve him but roast grouse. They were reputedly the first arrivals, and twelve-and-sixpence a bird. As we sat at a corner table looking out on a procession of macintoshes and umbrellas, I could not help asking a question that often before and often since has been asked: Where did these birds come from? "They were not shot this morning," I remarked in the tone of one who has discovered a profound truth. "Nor this year. I should think they were killed early last season," said my companion with a sniff of his nostrils as he pushed his plate aside. Anything in the nature of a grouse, blackcock, ptarmigan, capercaillie is the better of hanging, but—well, these were very "high," indeed. My friend politely asked the proprietor to decide for us whether they were of the present or the past season, throwing out the suggestion of a freezing-chamber as an honourable means of retreat if he were really in a dilemma — though our private opinion was that in this case the frost must have "given" early in July. But he made no such pretence. In fact, he seemed but slightly interested in their

place of origin: he bought them from the dealer and asked no questions, but on being pressed he admitted that they came from Norway! "Norway, good Heavens!" cried my friend. "I do not profess to know much of natural history, but I am aware of one fact: red grouse is an exclusively British bird — it is the only bird exclusively British. Count Kniphausen and others, following the example of Baron Dickson, have tried to establish them on the Continent, but the idea of Norway sending us grouse!" The honest landlord appeared to be both mystified and relieved. He had not liked to confess that he was selling foreigners, and, if they were good, home-bred grouse, what reason for inquiring further?

But nothing gives such a fillip to one's thirst for knowledge as a thumping tarradiddle, and mine host had lied—honestly and innocently, no doubt—yet lied all the same. So I went to pursue my inquiries in Leadenhall Market. One of the most considerable dealers there has frequently cleared up for me doubtful points in sport and natural history. He has always interested me because he is so uninteresting; that is, he is a perfect specimen of the business man who carries on trade purely and simply to make money. He seems perennially ready to buy whatever has feathers on it. On a winter day his shop is a study—for me it has a horrible sort of fascination since all the birds are there one would like to see immune from net and gunshot—larks, cartloads of them in hampers, pewits, starlings, rare warblers, and birds of prey, jays and magpies. "They buy them for stuffing," is his brief explanation.

On the Twelfth of August he prides

himself on his show of grouse. It is true he does not produce it till ten o'clock in the forenoon, but that is only from a sense of decency, and because (as he explains), it is early enough for the best buyers, but I expect he can do so quite as well a day if not a week before. Usually he is very outspoken about his dealings, but he is not frank about "the little partridges nursed by the heather," as a very early writer calls the moor-fowl. "They come in the ordinary way of business," he says. I suggest that, if legally killed, their arrival so early is a physical impossibility. But he vows he has nothing to do with that—they are offered to him after the season has opened, and it is not his place to inquire into the hour and manner of their capture. The interview—let me say so frankly—wanted a cleverer and more tactful hand than myself, for I had the ill-luck to hint that the connection between poacher—I should have said sportsman—and dealer was closer than that between ordinary buyer and seller. And he grew red-faced and curt and angry. When he hinted at my trying to play the part of private detective, I thought it full time to begone. But I am doubtful if the smartest diplomacy ever has induced him to tell how he procured a supply of grouse for the Twelfth.

THE POACHER.

I have interviewed many a poacher on the subject—it is my nature to interview folk—without solving the mystery; but then, as my acquaintance with them has been maintained purely by an interest in odd characteristics, I have gone, naturally enough, chiefly among harmless ne'er-do-wells who are not so keen on making money as those who supply London. Let one stand for all. Robin is an old man who remembers the time when, as he says, there were no grouse moors. The poor man could take his gun to the hill-side and his fishing-rod to the stream, and none said him Nay. To-day his grievance is that owing to the high price landlords are able to obtain for moors, a man can hardly "Loup the dry-stone dyke" without getting into trouble, and to go out with a gun is to bring all the keepers on your track. Poor Robin waxes most eloquent on the theme—particularly when three-parts drunk, his normal condition—ex-

claiming with an emphasis worthy of the pulpit, "The arth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." I never was more surprised in my life than on seeing his collection of guns. He has nearly a dozen, for shooting has been his hobby, and though a gunsmith would appraise them simply at their value as old iron—ranging as they do from an ancient flint gun to a saloon rifle—no gentleman can discuss his breech-loaders more gravely. And when the wind blows strong one may see him stealing up the glen, his pocket bulged with the pieces of his muzzle-loader, with which no one but himself can hit anything. I am a fair shot, but I would not guarantee to riddle a newspaper at twenty yards with it, for the kicking, cranky weapon is dead off when you think it is on, and yet old Robin never misses. The stock comes to his shoulder automatically, and he can calculate its eccentricities with the knowledge born of a life-time's familiarity. He talks to it and loves it as if it were a dog. His acquaintance with the moor-fowl is equally close, and at any time of the day he knows exactly where to find them. But his bag seldom exceeds a couple of brace, just sufficient at the low price he gets for them to keep him in whisky. "Only, man," he will explain when deprecating such modest results, "there's a kind o' plesure to be among the hills." Obviously our friend in Leadenhall Market does not draw his supplies from Robin or the likes of him. And yet he is just sufficiently tainted with blackguardism to win the sympathy of blackguards, and one day having met him while out fishing, it seemed worth while asking him a few questions.

He sat on a boulder, round which the burn swirled, and smoked his short black cutty, and listened attentively to my account of the quantities of grouse sold in London every Twelfth, and what appeared to him the fabulous prices realised. At the end he made this comment: "In a' my life I could never be fashca wi' nets—there's nae diversion in them." He gossipped at very great length about the difference between the old type of poacher and the new. The reckless lads he knew in youth were guilty of none but pleasant sins—even the old poacher grew sentimental over these early days, that yester-year! They liked a good potful of soup, a huge pot or yetlin, an *omnium gatherum*

of game, grouse, and hare, and rabbit, and pheasant stewed "through other;" and they were fond of sport and excitement and a stand-up fight with the keepers. If they sold their catch it was only to buy ribbons for the girls. "My sowl!" quoth he, "we didna' lack whusky wi' a sma' still amang the rabbit holes."

But how degenerate the new generation! Dead set on mammon — seeking their fun, not in rampagin' over the hills or cuddlin' a herd's lass in a muirland cottage, but in sheer drunkenness and the vicious delights of lower town life, they make a regular business of netting grouse, and grumble at a hundred when their predecessors would have been thankful for six. To men like that the big prices of the Twelfth offered an irresistible temptation. And then there had been so much progress in the "airt" during recent years. Chaps ignorant of the district suddenly appeared on the scene, and, ere you can say Jack Robinson, had cleared out a rabbit warren or a pheasant cover, or a moor. "There's no denyin' the clever ways of the young folk though they haven't the 'deevilment in them," concluded mine ancient.

THE PROPRIETOR.

To hear a lessee, particularly if he be a rich stockbroker or merchant with little understanding of country life, discussing the perils to which grouse are exposed, is to wonder how the birds exist at all. Such a man is constantly finding out that his stock is short, and the honest keeper is ever ready with reasons. There is that terrible disease! No, it isn't bad on any of the adjacent moors, but it has devastated this—it has played havoc with the labour and expense of a year. And the hoodie craws and peregrines, even the little merlins, the rooks and jackdaws—how that honest keeper heaps guilt on their heads! To insinuate that he himself has supplied some of those hampers of grouse that arrive so very early on the Twelfth—why, how malicious it is to attack a good man's character. Yes, he did shoot a brace of birds on the eleventh, but it was only for the benefit of the dogs—just to give a finishing touch to the training of the last few months—nothing more. Those hampers he sent away? Oh, they were only rabbits, not a feather among them. It is a well ascertained fact that a man may be very astute in the counting-room

on the Stock Exchange, where the factors of the situation are in his grasp, and be a simpleton in the management of a game estate. The virtuous keeper has very likely more to do with our early grouse than he cares to confess, in many cases it is a matter of certainty that he has. And, nevertheless, it is neither the keeper nor the regular poacher who is most to blame. There is a kind of person whom it would be libellous to call a poacher, and who, nevertheless, sends more early grouse to market than anybody else. The proprietor indignantly declares that he is simply a thief who protects himself as far as he can from coming within the clutches of the law. His plan is very simple. It is to hire or buy cultivable land adjacent to the moor and encourage the birds to come and feed on it. At the proper time to net them is as easy as popping peas into your mouth, and as it is usual for the man to take out a game licence no fault can be found with him when once the season is fairly open. In this way many of the Derbyshire and Yorkshire moors are annually ruined—the neighbour who never spent a penny on them taking the harvest, while the owner gets neither birds nor sport. And landlords allege in the plainest terms that those London dealers who have grouse so preternaturally early on the Twelfth act in direct collusion with them, even to the extent of buying nets. Hence the outcry for some league or combination to put down the injustice. It ought to be possible to do so as far as there is an infraction of the law, for obviously the supply sent previous to the Twelfth would have by far the greater money value. A vigilant and thorough examination of boxes and hampers sent by rail as long as the close time lasts would infallibly reveal the culprits, for by rail the consignment must go. That is more practical than the alternative proposal that people should be asked not to buy or eat grouse till, say, the fourteenth. You cannot blame a buyer who chooses to pay a heavy price for an article legally offered him as long as it is considered a luxury and will be enjoyed.

Some owners have tried to dodge their enemies by themselves netting the grouse just on the edge of the moor, and thus terrifying them from the neighbourhood, but the plan has not invariably been successful.



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT
From a photograph by Preston, Penzance

Concerning Newlyn.

THE village of Newlyn, lately so much discussed by reason of its unbending devotion to the laziness of the British Sabbath, is a suburb of Penzance, and lies a mile to the east of it on the shores of Mount's Bay. The approach is as suburban as Clapham itself, and it is quite suddenly that you come upon a little stream which has to be crossed, and find yourself in one of the few real Cornish fishing villages that remain. No less than three little bridges span the stream at this point, one of them in excellent repair, the other two in delicately-graded states of dilapidation.

Once you have crossed you are in Newlyn, and the fact that certain "jowsters"—or hawkers—are cleaning and washing cod and ling in the stream appears a perfectly natural event. There

are two courses before you. If you go straight ahead you will climb Paul Hill, and leave the village on the left, on the slope below you. Thus you will come presently to the farmhouse where Mr.

and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes have made themselves a home. Thus, also, you will reach Paul Church, where that most excellent fraud Dolly Pentreath, said to have been the last speaker of the old Cornish language, lies—doubtless, with a grin of satisfaction on her fleshless skull—under a slab erected to her memory by Prince Lucien Bonaparte.

Except for the fact that it holds the remains of this old lady, the church is



A FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE

worthy of attention only as having once been burnt down. This was the work of the Spaniards, who invaded the place because it had been prophesied

by Merlin that they would do so. A novelist might find a most excellent setting for one of his scenes in this episode, for it is recorded that while the church was still in ruins marriages were solemnised within the crumbling walls.

But, as a matter of fact, you will not choose this road. You will turn to the left and proceed to investigate the village itself. Every street, it has been said, might be somebody's back yard; and every householder's back yard is liable to be used as part of the roadway. You may even have to trespass still more if you be resolved on proceeding. Perhaps a fish-cart confronts you, in which case the road is blocked, and you must turn aside and enter at one door and go on by another of a dark and odorous "cellar" where they are packing cured pilchards for transport to the Mediterranean.

At the end of the narrow lane which recurs to memory at this moment stands the village school, whose children seem always to be in the act of escaping into the open air. You struggle on through the crowd, and, even though you be a Cornishman yourself, you realise that you are in a strange country. The voices of the children sound altogether unfamiliarly; and later, when you have passed the women who stand talking at their open doors, you find in their speech a curious and characteristic intonation that makes it unlike the speech of even the nearest village. The faces, too, are of a quite uncommon type; and if you saw them painted—as you have often done, did you but know—you would declare that their beauty was, at any rate, not rustic.

After the school is passed, you descend to the margin of the sea, and, crossing a little beach where there are usually one or two old boats drawn up, you mount the "slip" and journey through the village. It is here that you are likely to

see the fishermen, who lounge upon an iron rail and look down upon the harbour as they smoke and discuss life in general. The Lighthouse of Mr. Forbes's picture stands at the end of the pier, and the man may count himself extremely fortunate who happens to arrive at this point when the boats are going out in the afternoon, their brown sails ruddy in the sunlight.

The rest of Newlyn is much like what has been described, but now the road begins to be straighter. Here and there you may happen upon an artist who attracts as little attention sitting on a camp stool by the roadside as he would if he were within the walls of his studio.



THE HARBOUR: LOW TIDE

Once it happened to the present writer to observe a curious little episode in such a case. The artist had set up his easel in front of a cottage. The old man who occupied it was obviously pleased that his dwelling-place should be immortalised. But he naturally desired to have it represented at its best, and so he came out with a cloth before the artist had been settled at work for many minutes, and began to polish up the windows. He strove to work as though this was a thing he did daily at that hour, but his efforts at dissimulation were altogether useless to conceal the real motive of his activity.

The houses grow fewer presently, and at last you are alone upon the road that leads on to Mousehole, the next village

on the coast. It has one feature that you will do well to note before you turn back towards the village. The road is a

needed no little devotion if it were to be carried out with any completeness. Mr. T. C. Gotch lived then, as he lives

now, in a delightful old house at the summit of a crazy ascent that cuts through the village, going straight from the front to Paul Hill. Near by, but curiously hard to find, were a variety of small and inconvenient studios whose presence you might never have detected did you not note that at one corner some facetious painter has stuck up a board with the legend "Rue des Beaux Arts."



THE COAST ROAD

mere ledge with a sheer drop to the beach on its outer side. It does not seem to be much visited by the scavenger, but when he does set forth to clean it up the work of this functionary is of a delightful simplicity. He has no need of dust carts or other expensive appointments. He merely arms himself with a broom and sweeps the mud and refuse over the edge of the road so that it falls to the beach, where the sea, that greatest coadjutor of all scavengers, comes and finishes his work.

When you go back into the village you will doubtless look about you for tokens of the presence of the numerous artists who have been somewhat foolishly classed together as "The Newlyn School." In the old days this investigation would have

Now all this is altered. Half-way up the aforesaid hill there was formerly an open space of more or less waste land, known as "The Meadow." Here there are already a number of fine studios, so that the artistic life of the village is more



THE NEW PIER AND LIGHTHOUSE

centralised than formerly, though there are still those whose studios might serve for the hiding-places of brigands if the

only search to be feared were that of the unaided stranger.

A great day at Newlyn is that whereon the artists exhibit to the local public the pictures they have prepared for the various exhibitions of the year. Of old time the invading crowd of sightseers wandered at large through the maze of lanes that make up the village, and entered whatever places seemed to look like studios. The building of the Meadow studios enabled this show to be held in one place, for there was room for the whole output of

the colony. What was gained in convenience was lost in interest, but you were at last able to come away with the conviction that you had seen all the pictures that there were to be seen—a thing which had theretofore been impossible

Penzance. This spring the annual show was held there, so that many of the visitors never entered Newlyn. Upon



BOATS IN THE HARBOUR

the outside of it are four magnificent panels in repoussé copper, the work of the industrial classes started among the fisher-boys by Mr. T. B. Bolitho, M.P., in co-operation with the artists of Newlyn. Of these four, three were

designed by Mr. J. D. Mackenzie, who is especially interested in the classes, and one by Mr. Gotch. The spring exhibition will be held here in coming years; and if ever you are in Penzance you may be pretty sure of finding some sort of a show to reward you if you continue your walk for about half a mile beyond the western end of the promenade.

[The illus-



GENERAL VIEW OF NEWLYN

Yet another change has come to pass. A handsome art gallery has been erected by the high road betwixt Newlyn and

trations to this article are from photographs taken by M. B. Glendenning.]



TO BLOSSOM

BLOSSOM in the country,
Could not quite forget
One who toiled in London,
Picked some mignonette;
Roses, too, she gathered,
Crimson picotees,
Sent them with the message:
"Take my love with these."

When the box was opened,
Straight the dingy room
Took so sweet a fragrance
From the crowded bloom,
All the people wondered:
"Never," so they said,
"Such a lovely fragrance
Mortal flowers did shed."

Still the people wonder,
For I did not tell
How they got their fragrance,
Though I knew full well,
Having found her letter
With the flowers above:
Knowing she had sent me,
With the flowers, her love.

H. D. LOWRY.



Theatres and Music-Halls.

MISS JENNIE ROGERS.

MISS JENNIE ROGERS made her first appearance some years ago, when, almost a babe herself, she played one of the title-roles in *The Babes in the Wood* at Covent Garden. There followed a period of seclusion. Then again she came forward to delight the public, and she has done so without intermission ever since. There can be hardly an actress better known throughout the provinces than she is. She has toured extensively in comic opera, and in pantomime she is admittedly consummate. Coming to London lately, she appeared for a short time at the Alhambra. Then *The New Barmaid*



MISS JENNIE ROGERS
From a photograph by Hans, Strand



MISS MARGUERITE CORNILLE
From a photograph by Hans, Strand

was produced at the Avenue, and after playing a minor part for a time, took the title-*r*ôle in succession to Miss Lottie Collins. There is little doubt that London playgoers will soon know her as well as their brothers of the country theatres.

MISS MARGUERITE CORNILLE.

Miss Marguerite Cornille was unknown in London until last Christmas, but she then played the part of the French Ambassador in the Drury Lane pantomime, and the charm of her acting, and the delightful way in which she sang the two songs that were allotted to her, made her a success from the beginning. It is but right that she should be ap-

pearing just now at the Palace Theatre, for, as a variety actress, she belongs to a type with which Mr. Charles Morton has done a great deal to make our generation — luckier than the last — familiar. That is to say: she has a voice, and uses it skilfully; she is not of the singers concerning whom the best you can hope is that they will not be too violently out of tune. Moreover, she is a real actress, and one is inclined to think that before very long she will take back to the regular theatre what is at present one of the most enjoyable features in any variety hall in London.



MISS IDA HEATH.

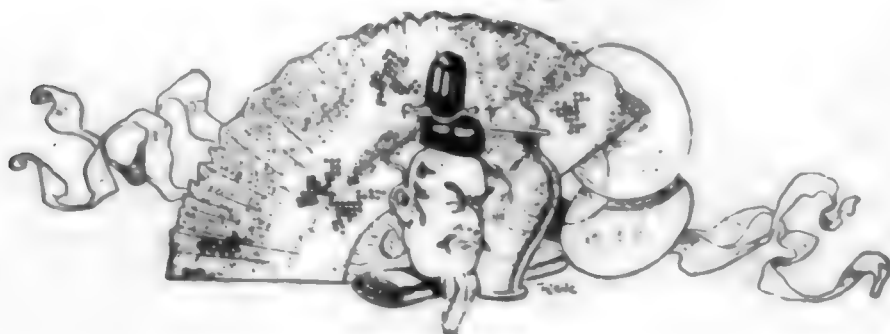
MISS IDA HEATH

From a photograph by W. and A. Fry, Brighton

Miss Ida Heath was born in Hamburg, and made her first appearance when only six years old, at Constantinople. She was a dancer from the beginning, and, having wandered all over the Continent and been careful to learn the characteristic dances of the regions she visited, has developed into the most variously skilful dancer in London. She is known in America,

whither she returns next November, in Africa and in Australia, and she is one of the first few you would think of in compiling a list of the favourites of the London music-hall audience. Her "turn" is by its nature more or less the same at all times, but it is so clever and so delightful that its very sameness is vastly more attractive than the variety of many another. She does you a dance most charmingly. Then, "The next," she says, "will be a Spanish dancing girl." Perhaps it was as a clown that she was habited at first. She disappears into a little tent of crimson velvet and in about ten seconds reappears all yellow and scarlet and

black lace to render the cachuca: then again she disappears, and perhaps it is as a Dutch girl in wooden shoes that she comes the next time out of her tent. There may be a score of dancers each of whom can excel her in some one of her dances, but none of them can equal her in the number of different dances she knows, and all that she does is done most admirably.





THE THREE FRIENDS

Defeated by Infantry.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.



THE houses at Hampton Court are peopled by excellent old ladies of immaculate birth who, for the most part, have either done well for the country or whose dead and gone husbands have placed the nation under some indebtedness. They are an odd clique; they stand by their rights and they give parties, and they exchange scandal and complain about the Cockneys on the river, and wonder why the young Wales girls do not get married, and altogether enjoy the later years of their life very much. In a small drawing-room of one of the ivy-covered houses a duel was about to be fought between two women. The elder lady, a white-haired, good-looking woman, seemed determined to fight.

"And you—you, then, are my nephew's wife?" said Mrs. Major Harleigh. She looked over her pince nez at the quiet Mrs. Frank Harleigh seated at the other end of the table. The younger lady bowed. "And my nephew has the impudence to think that I am going to bother myself about you and your—your son in case he never returns from South America?"

"I don't think that he expected so much as that. All that he desired was to feel that there was someone in London to whom——"

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Major Harleigh, drumming the table with much acerbity of manner; "upon my word, I like his confounded cheek."

"I like his cheek too."

"Let me ask you one question, madam, before we go any further." Mrs. Major Harleigh spoke with irony. "Did my nephew ask me when he became engaged to you?"

"I don't know," answered young Mrs. Harleigh. "He certainly asked me."

"I was prepared to do a good deal for that lad. I had done a good deal, in fact; I was prepared to do more. Why

then should he go and take the most serious step in his life; why in the world, in short, should he go and marry you without——"

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Frank Harleigh modestly, "perhaps it was because he—he loved me."

"Bah!" said Mrs. Major Harleigh.

"I am not acquainted with vulgar language," said the young lady, rising with sudden spirit, "and I'm not sure that I know what 'Bah!' means. But I am going to interpret it to mean that you are an exceedingly rude old lady."

"I—rude?" spluttered Mrs. Major Harleigh, amazedly. "I—old? I beg that you'll understand that I am counted one of the best mannered women that ever lived at Hampton Court."

"I have no desire then to meet the other inhabitants."

"And as to being old"—Mrs. Major Harleigh patted herself on the chest rather harder than she had meant to do—"as to being old, I am as active and as smart and as energetic as I was twenty years ago. Twenty years ago, madam! I am not to be called rude, and I am not to be called old with impunity. A want of respect for one's elders is always a deplorable trait, and I am sorry to find it so strongly marked in you."

"I think that I like most old ladies," said the young person with great calmness: "generally they are very charming. But I appear to be encountering a woful exception to the general rule."

"I declare that I have never been spoken to in this way before."

"That is distinctly your misfortune. A word in season might have improved your behaviour."

"You will be sorry," cried Mrs. Major Harleigh, "for having spoken to me like this."

"I may be sorry presently that I said it," declared Mrs. Frank Harleigh trembling, "but just now I am very much pleased."

She stood there looking steadily at the excited old lady."

("Elizabeth Harleigh," said Mrs. Major Harleigh to herself, "don't forget yourself. After all she is your nephew's wife.")

"I shall call upon you to-morrow," said the old lady deliberately.

"I may not be at home."

"I shall call," she repeated dogmatically, "at eleven to-morrow morning. Eleven sharp." She paused a moment. "If I have spoken strongly in this short interview with you, you must remember that I have good cause."

"You have no cause at all."

"How old is your son, pray?"

"He is quite young, Mrs. Harleigh."

"Perhaps I may be able to do something on his behalf—send him to school, or——"

"Not if I can prevent you."

"I'm afraid we're not going to be friends."

"Mrs. Harleigh, I hope you are right."

The old lady, the more ashamed of her outburst now that she perceived her opponent was a young woman of real spirit, saw her down to the gateway.

"You will be able to find a first-class carriage in the train?"

"No; third."

"You will allow me to call at Hampstead to-morrow morning?"

"I am afraid I cannot prevent you from doing so."

Young Mrs. Frank Harleigh hurried to the station, found a train waiting, and on the way to Waterloo cried. Now crying is really a most excellent and useful diversion, especially for the charming sex. If it did not exist, as some one said of religion, it would have to be invented. Mrs. Frank Harleigh, before she reached home and before the arms of her son hugged her pretty neck, had repented of her determined words to the choleric old lady.

"I'm afraid dear Frank will be sorry when I write to-morrow and tell him," she said ruefully.

Mrs. Major Harleigh drove up to the house in Belsize Crescent the following morning with military punctuality. She stepped out, walked through the gate, and pressed the electric bell.

"Mrs. Harleigh is not in, ma'am. She had to go out on business."

"What business?" demanded Mrs. Major Harleigh, with some quickness.

"Mistress is doing some sketching for the fashion papers, ma'am."

"That's better," thought Mrs. Major Harleigh; "I'm glad she's not lazy." She spoke to the maid sharply: "Is the boy at home?"

"Yes, ma'am. He's upstairs."

"Show me up to him at once!"

The maid did not dare to protest. She led the way up the stairs to the nursery.

"Master Francis, please——"

"Tall me Tolonel," insisted a small voice within.

"Well, Colonel then—here's a lady to see you."

"Is she beau'ful lady?"

"Ye-es, Colonel," said the maid, hesitatingly.

"Right!" answered the small voice. "Show her in, Marfa."

Martha opened the door. Immediately a small, knickerbockered boy, with short-cut hair, slipped down from his chair at the table and offered his hand to Mrs. Major Harleigh.

"How do!" he said gravely. "Who are you, I wonder?"

"I am a relative of your father's, dear. May I kiss you?"

"I don't gen'lly tare for tissing," said the young man, with candour. "Do it on my forehead."

Mrs. Major Harleigh did as she was bid, and sat down in a low rocking-chair. The youth clambered back into his high chair, and returned to the work in hand.

"Now look here," he begged. "Just look at wha's happ'ning. Here's a lot of black savages coming long here wif their spears and their—their witches and their—well you know. And they're going to su'prise the English so'diers!"

He sat back in the chair and waited for the old lady's remark.

"But the English soldiers," she said sharply, "are not going to be surprised."

"Tourse not. Tourse not. Don't you see this little soldier a-kneeling down beside this tree? Now I move the black savages on and then all at once——"

Master Harleigh simulated the sounding, with fist at mouth, of a warning blast.

"Now, then, all these red toated so'diers they jump up." He moved them with his plump little hand. "Now watch."

The old lady rose from her rocking chair excitedly.

"Don't shake," implored the young

man appealingly, "don't shake for doodness sake."

"Co on, dear. I'll be very careful."

"Up comes the black savages—so—and up come the Cavalry—so—and two of 'em topple over—so—and then," triumphantly, "out comes the cannon!" He pulled out a two-inch mounted gun. "The Major cries 'Char—r—ge!' and off they go."

"Go on, dear."

"Yes," said Master Harleigh, "I'm doing so, but you mustn't interrupt, you know. It's vewy hard work managin' a British army. If you were a man you'd know that."

"I beg your pardon."

"Half way 'long they see more big black savages coming round here. So the Major calls out and some of the so'diers there, they break off and they go up here. See?"

"I see. They'll keep the enemy from joining the main force."

"That's just it." The young man seemed gratified at the perspicacity of the white-haired old lady. "That's just it. And the Major roars out, 'Form square.'"

He made the leaden soldiers carefully into a square and looked up for approval.

"Good," exclaimed Mrs. Major Harleigh.

They wait now for the 'tack of the big black savages. The savages come like this—slowly, slowly, and then all at once they rush at the English so'diers. See?"

He moved the savages up close to the square.

"And," triumphantly, "it doesn't make no diff'nce to our soldiers."

"Well done!"

"Out comes the cannon. They load the cannon like this."

Master Harleigh placed a hard pellet of paper in the muzzle of the gun and pulled a spring at the other end. "And—bang—goes the cannon and head over heels go the savages, and the savages cry out 'Walla—balla—walla,' and do you know what 'walla—balla—walla' means? It means 'Oh dear, oh dear, we's gettin' all the worst of it.' Then the men moves. See, like this, off they go. More of 'em killed by the wicked savages; then they close up like this, and then the Major he roars out again, 'Men of the Forty Fird, Char—r—ge!'"

Master Harleigh with a dexterous move of one plump hand moved the cavalry on; with another dexterous move of the other hand he swept the savages down. Old Mrs. Major Harleigh clapped her hands with delight as the small youth, taking up the ruler to beat time, sang the regimental quick march:

*And Sally is the gal for me
Wherever I may roam;
And she's the one I want to see
When we're making for 'ome, sweet
'ome.*

"Why, you dear, dear boy," cried Mrs. Major Harleigh with tears in her eyes; "who in the world taught you that?"

"It's ravver pretty, isn't it?" asked the satisfied young man. "My farver taught it me. And this," he touched proudly the cockaded lead soldier astride with much stiffness his leaden horse, "this is supposed to be my farver's 'plendid uncle that was killed, Major Harleigh! I don't s'pose you knew him."

"Why, my dear, he was my husband!"

"Your husband?"

"Yes, my good brave husband who died out at Isandwhala, sixteen years ago, and he was the best of husbands and the bravest officer——"

The old lady broke down. Her laced handkerchief came swiftly out and patted her eyes.

"I say," said Master Frank Harleigh, apologetically, "I didn't know that. If you like you can tiss me properly now."

• • •

This is the latter half of a letter from Buenos Ayres—

"I can't tell you how pleased I am, dear sweet, to hear that you and aunt Elizabeth are excellent friends. I feared so much that the contrary would be the case. Give her my love and my sincere thanks for all her kindness to the little Colonel, but don't let her spoil the young scamp. Kiss the dear boy, Madge, a thousand times for me, and tell him to kiss you a thousand times on my behalf. When I return in November I will pay you both with exorbitant interest.

"Your affectionate husband,

"FRANK."

A Quiet Art.

IT is dangerous to make wagers, yet one would be tempted to make a wager that no reader of the *Ludgate*

would guess the nature of the pictures here printed unless he had previously received a very broad hint. They are photographs, of course but it is doubtful whether the closest scrutiny would suffice to determine whether they are or are not photographs from nature. Let the mystery be revealed. Mr. Thomas Edge, of Llandudno, is a gentleman of more than three score and ten years who for the greater part of his life has been in the

habit of painting in oils. Of late his sight has failed him, however, and, the customary recreation being consequently denied him, he has been forced to find some other method of giving form to the creatures of his imagination. These castles, towers and ancient gateways are photographs of existing originals, but the originals were made by Mr. Edge and little bigger than their photographic reproductions. They are models arranged upon a table about four-and-twenty inches square, which stands in the recess of a large window. The front base-line is about twenty-two inches. The materials from which they are constructed are moss, lichen and so on, put in place with most elaborate care upon a built up foundation. The sky in the back-ground is oil-painted, grey and white; the distant hills are flat, but the middle distance and foreground are full round models. The framework of the larger parts of the models is wood, and on these is laid Paris plaster to help make out the forms, the plaster being modelled

while still wet. Cardboard is requisite for the slates, hempen tow for the thatch. The artist has grown his own trees from

seaweed, infinite care going into the hanging of the "weed" on a skeleton tree with wire branches. He has arranged his foreground, the broken ground effects of which are got by laying finely cut seaweed and moss on a coat of thick glue while wet, and over this is sifted still more finely cut seaweed and moss, together with sand and turf mull. These materials are also used for roughening roofs and walls. The figures are flat, sketched with pen



AN ANCIENT GATEWAY

and ink on cardboard and cut out. The atmospheric effects are got by taking away the models of the middle distance and the hills when the exposure of the negative in the camera is only partly made. When the exposure is continued after the removal of the hills and middle distance, the sky that was behind them acts on those parts of the negative that were before acted on by the hills and middle distance. It need hardly be stated that the models, when completed, need to be photographed with practised judgment and the negative subjected to a degree of perceptive finish which is as delicate as it is rare, the work on the negative occupying from ten to twenty-four hours. Nor will it be doubted that a great deal of careful work has to be done before the time for taking the photograph is reached. As a matter of fact the time occupied from the initial stages of making the models to the finished negatives varies from twenty to as much as eighty hours. The materials, comprising amongst them

mosses, lichens, sand, stones, wood, coal, cardboard, glue, plaster, string, etc., are to be met with any day, but the infinite patience, adaptability and ingeniousness to use them, combined with artistic perception, is seldom brought to such a pictorial end. If, as some critics hold, true art insists that the handiwork of the artist be conspicuous in the handling of

heartily upon having invented an occupation that fills his leisure hours and occupies the powers of pictorial imagination which, had he not hit upon this novel method of giving them expression, must have been rather more of a curse than a blessing to their possessor. The pictures are here to speak for themselves, and none will deny that they were worth



AT THE FOOT OF THE TOWER

the subject, then these studies in *chiaroscuro* must arrange themselves in their proper niche. Perhaps the aim of the artist has not been to reproduce faithfully any one thing he has seen in nature, but rather to create from his dreams and visions such forms and outlines as should help in the construction of a picture whose chief object is light and shade. At least he is to be congratulated very

making. But you can hardly confine your attention to their artistic merits or judge them from that stand-point exclusively. Besides the pleasure they afford you in themselves, they are pleasant to look upon as memorials of what must certainly have been hours of great enjoyment to the man who thought of this method of employing his spare time.



THE FAERY BOAT



THE WATCH TOWER



AN OLD BARN



THE HILLSIDE COTTAGE

The Tobacco Factory of Seville.

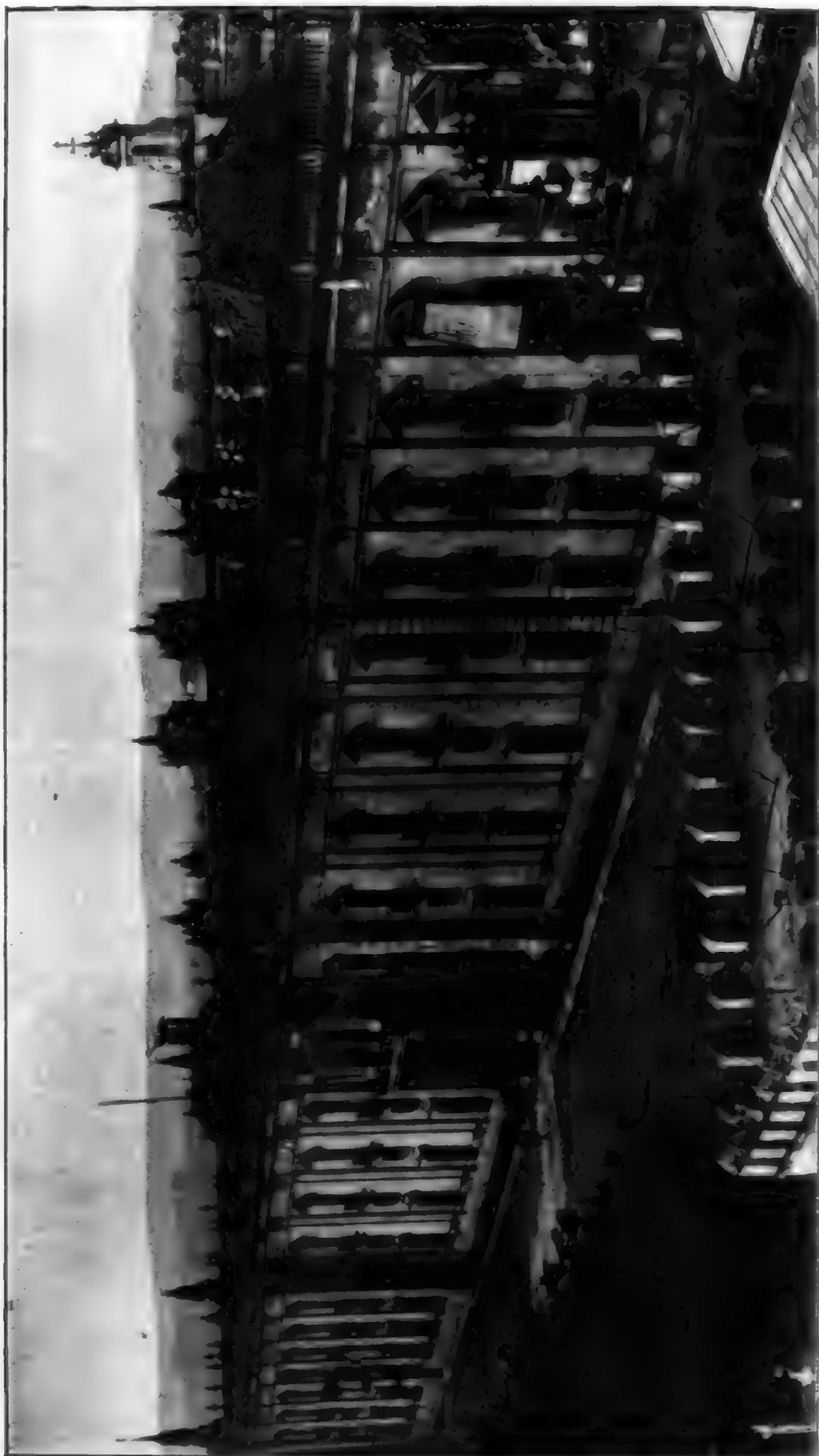
BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

FEW places whose main objects are commercial merely, have achieved the notoriety attained by the famous Tobacco Factory of Seville. Carmen was a cigarrera; and both Prosper Mérimée and Bizet have woven an interest round the fact, as opera-goers can testify. Romance still lingers in Andalusia, and although foreign companies are inflicting trams, electric light, and other evils on Seville, the magnificent old city still retains something of her pristine glory. In the shadow of her cathedral — once a Temple to Venus—the picturesque beggars dear to Murillo still idle away their lives. On the Sierpes, the *majo* or Spanish dandy, with coloured waistband, short coat and *navaja* on thigh, can be seen on any afternoon. The *sombrero* remains with the men and the *mantilla* with the women. Seville, especially in the Triana district, is still the home of the smuggler, the *torero*, the dancing girl, and the cigarrera. As you drive homewards from the Paseo between six and seven in the evening you see the cigarrera coming from her work; in the bull-ring, though economy enforces the necessity of a seat in the sun, she is very bravely decked out with ribbons, lace and fresh flowers, while her shawl will probably make every English woman ask, "How can that creature afford such things?" The explanation is simple enough: living is cheap, the wages of a steady worker are very fair, and every farthing earned is spent on dress. Finally the cigarrera is as good a judge of bull-fighting as the best *aficionado* present; she has a good ear for music, can sing a little, dance for hours without fatigue, strum on the guitar, and, generally speaking, get all possible enjoyment out of life. She has no vices, only a few lapses from conventionality, for which the Spanish climate must be held responsible.

I have always considered women workers in Spain more industrious than

men, and certainly the girls in the tobacco factory help to justify the belief. On broiling summer days when the thermometer has been standing between 95 and 105 (F.) in the shade, and when the officials have been well-nigh too sleepy to go round the place with me, I have seen hundreds of girls working away as for dear life in the long-vaulted, corridor-like factories. It will be best, however, to take the reader through the place—in imagination—in order that an accurate idea of methods of business may be obtained. In appearance the factory is like a huge rectangular barracks, standing well off the road. I do not know the absolute capacity of the place, but it must be enormous. The visitor turns to the right inside the big main gateway and reaches a small lodge, where an attendant directs him across the quadrangle to a spot where he finds half-a-dozen guides and officials. One of the former takes him up a broad stone staircase down a wide passage and into the first corridor. In a niche outside the first work-room stands an altar with a figure of the Virgin, a mirror and flowers, placed there probably by devotees. Half-a-dozen steps suffice to reach the scene of the cigarette making.

Imagine a long stone apartment with walls of great thickness and curved columns rising at odd distances. In the room are, perhaps, thirty or forty tables, and at each a party of workmen from four to six in number. A forewoman superintends proceedings, and has a sharp eye for a tip. Before each of the girls is a box containing an uninviting mass of tobacco shreds and other remnants. These are worked into cigarettes with incredible rapidity, and placed in a separate box at the side. The careful man would rather buy them than smoke them. Truth to tell, the aspect might easily be more savoury. The attire of the women is somewhat, let it be called, disordered, on account of the heat. Some would be better, moreover, for a wash



THE FACTORY AT SEVILLE



MAKING OF ALBUQUERQUE

and brush up, and others are fast asleep over their stock of tobacco; but as payment is by piece work nobody minds. Dozens are cooking and eating their lunch, and the result is not always pleasant in a land whose culinary patron saint is garlic. Finally, there is scarce a table that has not by its side a cradle wherein some tiny child is either very much asleep or very much awake. To do justice to the different odours in the

place—to the blend of tobacco, garlic, flowers, and other things—would require the pen of Emile Zola himself. To the casual visitor there are, at the best of times, alternate suggestions of a farmyard, a tobacco shop, and a flower garden. The entrance of a visitor has a curiously Spanish effect in rousing the begging instinct of the girls. "Every Spaniard is at heart a beggar," said a man who had spent most of his life in

Andalusia, and there is hard fact in the remark. The forewoman is nervously anxious for a tip, and all the girls who can manage it without being seen by one in authority stretch out their hands, sometimes pointing to the little bundles of humanity in the baskets at their feet. Woe to the man who goes to the factory without being inured to the charm of sparkling eyes. Though he enter heavily laden with cash he will require to borrow a cab fare, or walk back to his hotel in the blazing heat.

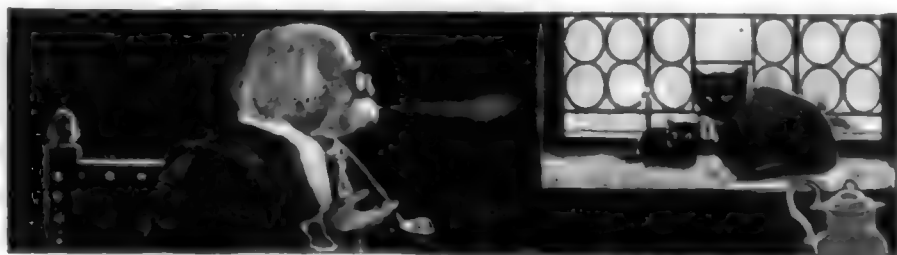
The sole difference in the various rooms is one of occupation. Everywhere the girls are skilful, but their most successful efforts are in the manufacture of cigars. Each worker has a tray of "interiors," some rolls of the outside leaf, a pair of big scissors, and a saucer of water. She rolls a selection of the shredded leaves into a column, snips it with the scissors to the proper length, and then deftly rolls the outer leaf round it, dipping the ends in water. There is a little manipulation, another snip, and the cigar is completed. The swiftness is really wonderful, when it is remembered how any carelessness would prevent the cigar from "drawing." Cigar makers work with bare fingers: the cigarette girls have something like a little thimble with which they turn down the ends. While there is nothing to disturb them the girls work diligently, but the advent of a visitor, a row at the far end of the room, or any trifling disturbance will raise a pandemonium which requires a strong-minded forewoman to control it.

When the factory closes, at about half-past six in the evening, the girls dress themselves in all the finery they have discarded while sitting at work. Mantillas, shawls, ribbons and flowers are brought from parcels by their side, and donned with great care. Then follows a strict personal search by the

forewomen and inspectors to see that no girl is carrying any tobacco away with her, and finally, in twos and threes, the cigarreras take their departure, and having traversed the quadrangle, join their friends and admirers who are waiting patiently on the heat-stricken pavement beyond.

To the mere man the Seville Tobacco Factory is undoubtedly very attractive. Nowhere in Seville can so many types of Spanish beauty be seen. It is not merely the glorious eyes, splendid complexions, and dainty figures that rouse admiration; it is that indescribable charm founded on natural elegance and grace. A pretty Andalusian girl can do nothing wrong, or, at least, can do nothing ungracefully. And when you have pleased her, any recognition is a recompense. Be it a smile, a bow, a kiss blown across on thumb and finger, the world seems brighter for it, and the claims of Seville to be the most charming city in Europe are amply vindicated.

Though such high praise is fairly due to the cigarrera, there can be naught save anathema for the goods she manufactures. The cigarettes are exceedingly disagreeable, rank and burning in taste, and as poor as possible in quality. They are cheap, and uncommon nasty. All Spanish cigars are bad; a sweeping assertion, but one justified by facts. The good brands from Havana seldom reach Spain, the English, French and American markets get the best. Occasionally good cigars can be got from the Custom House, or through the Custom House, but if the powers suspect an amateur the topmost layer will contain the smokable cigars—the others will be only fit for a man's bitterest enemies. So long as Government monopoly and protection continue to prevail, Spaniards must be content to smoke bad tobacco.





A FORTNIGHT ago we turned our faces northward, bent upon studying the Scottish villager on his native soil. A short survey revealed to us that the Kailyard School conspires to present an entirely fallacious view of him. He is unpicturesque, he is not humorous; he seems born but to "dree" his sad sordid life to its close.

For one thing the climate would subdue the spirits of the most volatile race on earth. Geographically Pittendrevie, whereon as a village free from other visitors we pitched our tent, is supposed to be situated in one of the driest parts of Scotland. That may be, yet in the past two weeks there have been only four dry days, and but two of these could be esteemed warm.

There is a "Commercial Hotel" and a "Tavern" in Pittendrevie, but neither of them has any accommodation for guests. After some inquiries, however, we discovered that Mrs. Tweedle sometimes let her rooms, and would receive us. Mrs. Tweedle's house stands near the centre of the one street of Pittendrevie, and therein we have two bedrooms and a sitting-room for fifteen shillings a week. It is true that the beds belong to the genus "box"—which being interpreted means that they are built into the wall—but luckily they have no doors, although the mark of the hinges thereof still remains; and that Mrs. Tweedle's knowledge of cookery is yet to be gained.

The back window of our parlour opens on to a garden running down to the margin of a lake, and from the front casement no doings on the highway can escape us.

After a fortnight our impression is that we have seen few smiles and heard

no laughter. Even the children seem staid, responsible parties, who, when they indulge in a game, play furtively as though aware that they waste precious time. The Scottish peasant labours hard, he takes no holidays, yet work he as diligently as he may he can never save enough to render him independent of parish relief when rheumatism seizes him, as, after his constant exposure and poor living, it early does.

"Butcher meat! A' never see butcher meat, except gaun past on its four legs," I once heard Jims Keppie, the cobbler, exclaim, and he doubtless spoke truth.

Within a dozen miles of Pittendrevie lie half as many golf courses; yet I do not believe there is a cleek, niblick, or putter within its bounds. There is no village festival, no fête of any kind, save the annual Sabbath school trip, when the children are jolted in hay-carts, lent by the farmers, to some chosen spot a few miles distant, where they run races if it is dry, or shelter in a barn if it is wet—and it usually is wet—have scones and milk, and come home tired out at night.

Once a kindly visitor gave a much-appreciated amateur concert in the Pittendrevie school-house. The entertainment was provided by his house-party, and, arranging matters on the metropolitan scheme, he allotted to two feeble performers the task of "playing the audience in," arguing, evidently, that the noise of the arrivals would drown their discords. Alas! for his plans. An hour before the stated time every available seat, including the window-ledges, was filled by a solemnly critical audience, and the two girls blundered, thumped and boggled in a silence which might have been felt, and certainly made their fingers more wooden than even Nature had.

What dear dead Stevenson terms "the tyranny of the Scottish Sabbath," still reigns supreme at Pittendrevie. Our good Mrs. Tweedle has been thrown

question agitates the world that is not the subject of exhaustive discussion in the village.

In Pittendrevie we do not say "Good



into a state of consternation by reading the newspaper announcements, that, owing to the repeal of a formerly strictly enforced rule, the members of the Edinburgh golf club might enjoy their favourite sport on Sundays.

"Oh! Mrs. Bright, mem," she said with a dolorous sigh, "I hev'na slept since I heard tell o't. I'm feared it brings a judgment on the hale countryside. Do ye no' think distruction might come upon us a' in consequence o' a sin like yon? It minds me o' the days o' Sodom and Gomorrah!"

The Scots working man lacks much of the pleasant superficial courtesy of his southern contemporary, but he is a deeper thinker. Compulsory education was in force in the North long before it reached England. So every man, even though he may be an aged pauper existing on an outdoor allowance of three shillings a week from the parish, subscribes for a weekly journal, and no

morning" or "Good evening." No set forms of salutation are acceptable. It is customary to criticise the weather as aught else. I noticed this especially one morning young Babs and I had walked over the links to a lonely beach whose only habitation was a salmon fisher's hut. It was Sunday, and the occupants of the cottage, who were enjoying their leisure seated on a bench in front of their dwelling, had watched our approach over quite a mile of flat country. As we neared I gave them a casual "Good morning." For an instant there was silence; then the spokesman, after taking a rapid glance to east and west, replied cautiously:

"Yes. It is a good morning." Later I discovered that my proper form of greeting would have been "Wat like?" interrogatively, or "Hoo d'ye think its lookin'," or something giving the addresser the opportunity of formulating an opinion.

Our letters are delivered by a spinster, rosy, trig and tidy. Punctuality itself is she. On the wettest morning her umbrella bobs past the windows at exactly the same moment, as her bloomer-hat does on the brightest. But this is the solitary instance of the advance of the woman movements in Pittendrevie. Man holds his position as lord of creation unquestioned in Pittendrevie, and rarely condescends to enter into discussion with the inferior sex.

When speaking of their dissipations as *nil*, I ought to have excepted the attending of funerals, which almost ranks as recreation.

The evening after our arrival a dignified *tap-tap* sounded at the front door. In Pittendrevie there are neither bells nor knockers, ordinary callers simply lift the latch and walk in, therefore a tap

"You are requested to attend the funeral of Robert Peden to be held here on Thursday next at two o'clock in the afternoon." The invitation delivered, the messenger retreated, and we heard his loud summons resounding at each house in succession, adown the quiet street.

Questioned, Mrs. Tweedle informed us that on the eve of a funeral it is usual for the Joiner, who acts as undertaker, to send round verbal invitations to all the houses. "Then you will attend the funeral, Mrs. Tweedle?" we said. "Keep me, mem! what for wad I dae that? But, I'm forgettin', strangers canna be expected to ken that woman buddies never gangs to burials in this country."

On Thursday we were lingering over our strawberries—hard and "nithered"



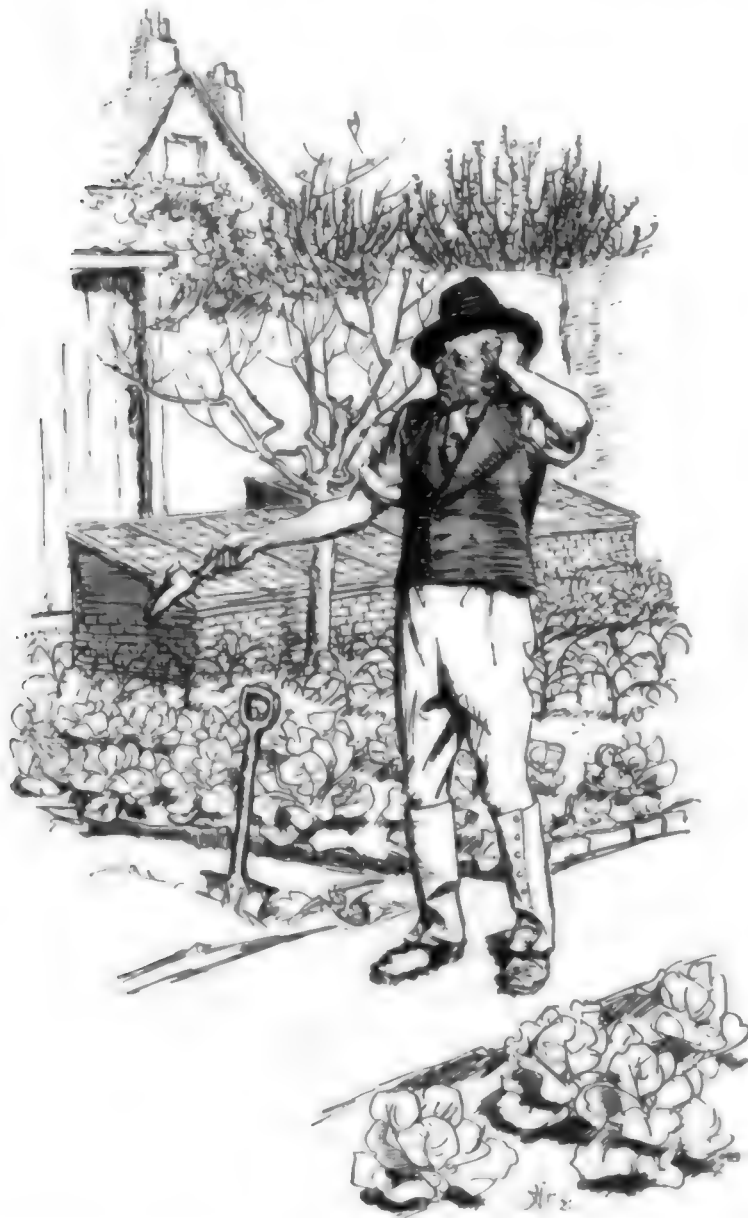
be'okened á visit of importance. Mrs. Tweedle creaked through the "entry," as the hall is called, to open the door, and we heard a masculine voice announce in a loud tone without punctuation,

they were, but possessing enough of the true strawberry flavour to ensure their acceptance—when our hostess tip-toed into the room, and announced in a stage whisper that it was near the hour of the

ceremony, and if we "gaed" to the window we would see the folk "gatherin'."

The house of mourning was a modest

Then the Master of Ceremonies, in the person of the Pittendrevie Joiner, appeared in the doorway and beckoned them to attend the brief service to be



"but and ben" nearly opposite. Around its doorstep about a dozen men, all clad in suits of most respectable broadcloth and wearing tall hats, had assembled. Looking upon this well-dressed company, it was some moments before we realised that it was composed of the village cobbler, the smith, two road men (stone-breakers), sundry field labourers, and others of similar standing. They hung about looking conscious of the espionage which from the shelter of their doorways the female populace were exercising.

held before removing the body. After a delay, owing to the humility of each mourner causing him to strive to walk last, all had entered the grief-stricken dwelling. A few moments more and the sad little procession—the nearer relatives bearing the handsomely-decorated coffin—passed slowly along the streets towards the eminence whereon God's acre encircled the old kirk.

Women are kept out of sight during Scottish obsequies, but while the cortège was yet in view a little group of women

mourners filled the doorway, pressing forward with handkerchiefs half concealing their faces to take a last look.

There was something indescribably affecting in the evident desire to show all possible honour even to one of the humblest members of the community. And the fact that the minister had worn a thread-bare, almost green coat, was severely spoken about that evening among the women. It was deemed disrespectful to the deceased.

The minister and doctor do not rank in Pittendrevie as their Kailyard *confrères* appear to do. The minister is ignored, the good people knowing he is

of the Scot to seek medical advice, save when he is dying, that even with the circuit of two neighbouring villages, a medical can scarce earn "salt to his kail" at Pittendrevie.

Just now there is a change in the weather. The air is warm and sweet, the sky brilliantly blue, the red-tiled roofs sparkle in the sunlight. A sweet-briar under my window is sending out delicious fragrance. Young Babs has just rushed in to tell me that he has discovered a bush of ripe yellow gooseberries in Mrs. Tweedle's garden, and from the margin of the lake Mr. Babbington Bright is calling that he



probably there for the term of his natural life, dub him "a puir, fashionless crater," and let him alone. The doctor varies every few months; such the reluctance

has hired a boat. Will we go for a row?

Things are not always gloomy even in Pittendrevie.

I must here call down a blessing on the memory of Jane Austen, and also upon Messrs. Macmillan, who are reproducing her books in their admirable Illustrated Standard Novel Series, for their new edition of her *Sense and*

Sensibility, which, reaching me here on a hopelessly wet morning, magically changed the complexion of my day. Several of Mr. Hugh Thomson's delicate and dainty drawings adorn this article.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.



The Fashions of the Month.

FASHION in the shape of novelty there is none in August, but the general hegira which takes place this month gives rise to the question, how do the present modes adapt themselves to the exigencies of holiday-making? At the seaside, on a yacht, on the Continent, and in Scotland, the first essential is not to be modishly, but to be usefully attired.

Fashion this season has been very Arcadian—that is, Arcadian after the manner of Watteau—and very dainty in its accoutrements; and many of these charming things, such as the lovely big white hats with feathers, the exquisite muslins, and printed gauzes, must be laid aside by those who wish to enjoy themselves after the hearty and vigorous manner of Englishwomen. At a French watering-place you may be as elaborate as you please, but, except in the matter of bathing—which, after all, is mostly an exhibition of novel bathing-gowns and chic *sorties de bain*—Frenchwomen are not given to exercise. At an English watering-place where cycling, boating, and walking are freely indulged in, the almost universal attire of the English girl is the blouse, coat and skirt, backed by the sailor hat. But although these are, for the most part, eminently neat and workmanlike, there is a uniformity about them that is rather difficult to combat. One new way of achieving variety at little cost is to have one of the new shirts with removable fronts. A plain grass-lawn shirt forms an excellent foundation for these. A front of spotted net, frilled with butter-coloured lace and finished off at either side with black velvet straps, looks well. The straps should end in smart bows on the shoulders, and disappear under a neat black velvet belt at the waist. A soft silk front, and two of muslin in pink and blue and heliotrope, would vary this shirt agreeably, and the ribbon on the sailor hat should match each front in turn.

Fawn is undoubtedly the best colour for the seaside, especially if the shore be either sandy or chalky, for neither sand or chalk show upon fawn as they do upon navy blue. A fawn skirt and coat—preferably double-breasted to keep out the evening breeze which, at the seaside, is often chilly—a couple of grass-lawn shirts with half-a-dozen fronts, and a few dainty muslin blouses for hot days, forms an excellent every-day equipment for a watering-place. These, and a cool black grenadine or canvas for evening, and either a pretty light shot alpaca or silk for Sundays, should suffice for ordinary modest requirements.

For yachting Redfern's gowns remain unequalled, and this year he has brought out a charming dark peacock blue as a variation from the regulation navy-blue, and this, with pointed pieces of white flannel let into the skirt, a pointed white flannel vest and a soft white silk belt held in place with a large gold anchor, is very pretty. For wear with such gowns he has charming rough white sailors with irregular beef-eater crowns, trimmed with peacock-blue satin ribbon. The plain band round and high bows at one side look well, and there are more elaborate ones with rosettes of blue satin ribbon round the crown, and high bows of blue and white silk behind. His dark red serge is also an excellent wearing material, and very becoming to many. A pretty red serge coat and skirt, with a vest of cream surah frilled with lace, and a rough cream straw hat with red satin ribbons, makes a very becoming costume.

For travelling in trains nothing equals alpaca. Dust and smuts glide off its glossy surface in the most marvellous manner. A very pretty costume consists of a coat and skirt of silvery grey alpaca, with a white shirt with a pale blue tie, gold sleeve links, and brooch. A soft cincture belt of blue surah and a white hat trimmed with pale blue and

* * Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowyer's Street, on the following terms: Caps or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.



AN AFTERNOON GOWN

white silk ribbon go well with it, and the whole get-up is admirably cool both to look at and to wear; and surely nothing is more refreshing to the eyes than a cool-looking dress on a hot railway journey. For those travelling much from place to place nothing is more useful than a costume such as this with a few useful fronts, and a black and white striped

silk blouse for the evening. Silk blouses are far more profitable than cotton ones when travelling; they save troubling about laundresses and if of a neutral tint can be varied agreeably by different collars and ribbons. With a black and white silk one, a collar of Irish lace and cherry coloured ribbons at neck and waist, a soft frilled fichu of spotted net



AN AUTUMN COAT AND SKIRT

or frilled Puritan cuffs and collars of fine book muslin would all look equally well. For a grey alpaca such as we mentioned above a very pretty front could be made of grey chiffon strewn with steel sequins and mounted on a remnant of silvery brocade such as one might readily pick up at the sales.

For those who are going to spend

August in Scotland there is nothing like wool. Special monuments to Dr. Jaeger should be erected in the market-places of that damp but delightful country. The possibilities in the way of showers above and bogs beneath are inexhaustible in Scotland, but with a tailor-made costume of Harris tweed, fine Jaeger under garments, a stout umbrella and a heart

and lungs that can gallantly defy the weather, one may enjoy one's self thoroughly, notwithstanding. Some charming colours are used in homespun. I saw

itself admirably with a shirt of soft French blue with white collars and cuffs, and another tweed in blue grey, flecked with white, looked charming,



A BICYCLING COSTUME

one the other day that seemed to unite the tints of the heather with gleams of the golden brown, in which the bracken clothes itself in September. This united

with a grass lawn shirt embroidered with white, mounted on white silk and worn with Panama sailor trimmed with white satin ribbon. Silk stockings and French

shoes are no good in the Highlands. Tan leather shoes and tan cashmere shoes are most useful on a hillside, and always blend well with the Scottish tweeds.

is closed. Coats that can only be worn open are really only for summer and town wear. The other sketch is of a black and white striped silk gown. The



A BLACK AND WHITE FLANNEL DRESS

One of our illustrations gives an excellent example of an autumn coat and skirt. The sleeve, it will be noted, is very moderate in its fulness, and the coat

bodice is of white *crêpe de chine* prettily arranged in tucks about the yoke. The band of guipure lace across the front is outlined on either side by a narrow band



A CHECKED DRESS

of black velvet. The sleeve is tight, as it should be, and the probability is that the shoulder puffs with which we at present alleviate the tight sleeve will ere long be smoothed away also.

By far the most popular parasols this summer have been plain silk ones, and for all sorts of summer dresses white silk

is best. The Royal garden party held last month before the Princess Maud's wedding was a perfect study in parasols. One plain white silk one had a narrow band of black embroidery along the edge, another had all the inside wires ruffled in pink chiffon, a third had a complete lining of white silk strewn with tiny



A BICYCLING COSTUME

rosebuds. A very lovely white parasol was covered with white chiffon that was drawn into tight ruffings that were arranged to form a quaintly stiff geometrical device between the wires. A deep flounce of point lace completed it.

A very lovely dress worn at this garden party was of green chiné strewn

with rosebuds and a summer shower of irregular black spots. The bodice was of pale green chiffon very softly and gracefully folded about the figure, and a knot of small rosebuds formed the only trimming of the small white toque.

For cycling white and holland linen

coats look neat, and are more becoming than the plain unvarnished blouse. Nothing seems to equal the plain sailor or boat-shaped hat for cycling—anything that flaps looks untidy and unsuitable. A great variety of gloves are being made for cycling, but none seems better than the loose, soft ones of fine chamois leather, made

Biarritz wise, to draw on quickly without any buttons. They will both wear and wash well, and look not uncomely on the hand. A very pretty cycling costume consists of a white linen coat, a fawn skirt, and a soft white silk shirt. A white sailor hat and veil, chamois gloves, and tan shoes and stockings complete it.

